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PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF DENMARK.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANSEN, OF COPENHAGEN.)

MONTENEGRO.

THE letters from the *Times* correspondent in the neighbourhood of Montenegro describe the war which the Turks are carrying on against the brave mountaineers as one of extermination. It appears that during the whole war the Turks, with their army of 28,000 men, have not made a single prisoner, and that they murder and mutilate all who fall into their hands. "Wherever the armies have passed they have left desolation behind their steps. Houses, fields—in one word, every vestige of man's activity is destroyed." The Montenegrins burn their dwellings themselves rather than let them fall into the hands of their enemies; nor do they on their side give any quarter. In fact, this war is in miniature a repetition of the wars which the Turks, in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, carried on against all Christendom except France, which found its advantage in forming and keeping up a disgraceful alliance with the enemies of European civilisation, and England, which was too far distant from the ordinary scenes of their exploits to be affected by them one way or the other. Italians, Spaniards, Hungarians, Poles, have all suffered from the Ottoman barbarians what the Montenegrins are suffering now; but in those days Christian nations formed combinations to resist the common foe. Now the people of the Black Mountain are left to themselves. Worse than that, the army which invades them and ravages their territory is commanded by a Christian renegade, who, three centuries ago, having the fear of the Inquisition before his eyes, would have been obliged to carry with him a document signed by other renegades to attest that he was kept in the service of the Turk by force, but who now calls himself Omer Pacha, and is apparently thought as good and as honourable as any other General. We regret, too, to see that the Turkish officers receive important assistance from Mr. Churchill, the English Commissioner. To him they are said to be indebted for sketches of the ground and for general information about the territory which they are overrunning. We should like to know how Mr. Churchill formed his acquaintance with Montenegro, whether he ever went there in the capacity of a friendly traveller, and whether he was received by the mountaineers with the hospitality for which they are celebrated. What should we say if the French and Russians were to send commissioners to teach the Montenegrins where to plant their batteries? It is bad enough not to help Christians against Turks, but to help Turks against Christians is going a little too far.

What the English Government fears in the success of the Montenegrins over their enemies is, of course, that it would lead to risings on the part of other Christian places against their Turkish rulers, and thus hasten the dissolution of the Turkish empire. Servia and the Herzegovina are powerfully affected by every movement that takes place in Montenegro; and it is no doubt the true policy of England not to allow Turkey to have too many enemies opposed to her on the Danube or elsewhere. It is a lamentable thing, however, that in this instance our interests should be in complete discord with those of humanity and civilisation. It is argued, we are aware, that in the end all that Turkey loses in Europe Russia will gain; that the suzerainty of the Sultan is easier to bear than the dominion of the Czar; and that it is of primary importance to prevent Russia from extending her power in the direction of Constantinople. But is it not evident that those perpetual contests with the Montenegrins must weaken, and actually are weakening, Turkey in as effectual a manner as either Russia or France could desire? Is it not certain that the only way of strengthening Turkey and of propping up the power of the Sultan for a few years longer is by ensuring peace and quiet to the "sick man"? Yet, ever since the interesting patient obtained his last loan from English capitalists, he has been making ducks and drakes of his money in equipping troops to act against mountaineers who, as long as they maintain themselves in their heights, cannot be subdued; who have defied the power of the Sultans for four centuries, and who remained independent even when the Turks held all Hungary in their possession and were encamped beneath the walls of Vienna. It must cost a great deal to support for many months an army of nearly thirty thousand men, armed with rifled muskets and rifled cannon, in a difficult country, where it is exposed to the attacks of a daring and enterprising enemy which never loses its ground for any length of time. A better plan for exhausting Turkey quietly, and without causing any scandal, could scarcely have been devised.

It is said that the Montenegrins have been encouraged by the hope of European aid to attack the Turks. We fancy experience must have taught them that they are likely to be left to fight their own battles; but they know that they can count upon Russia for sympathy—perhaps even a certain amount of secret aid—and it seems probable that France may have held out some prospect of support. Newspaper readers will remember that some time since the Empress Eugénie sent congratulations and a golden cradle to the Princess of Montenegro on the occasion of that lady having an accession to her family. The golden cradle has probably been pawned to buy powder before now; but, however that may be, such presents are not made for nothing, either by private individuals or by sovereigns. Such a gift is naturally looked upon as a testimony of goodwill, and it must have been intended that it should be regarded in that light.

Montenegro, for some time to come, will no doubt be employed as a sort of cat-paw for stirring up fire in Turkey. As Napoleon I. made use of Poland for weakening Russia without any serious thought of enabling her to regain her independence, so Napoleon III., aided or not by Alexander II., may be expected to push forward the too-confident Montenegrins against the

Turks whenever he thinks it necessary to take measures for renewing the fever by which Turkey, sooner or later, must be consumed. The Montenegrins need very little encouragement to attack the Turks at any time, and the slightest hint of assistance by diplomatic means would have as much effect in driving them to arms as a direct promise of material aid would have on a less warlike nation similarly circumstanced.

The position of Montenegro in connection with Turkey bears a remarkable resemblance to that of the Caucasus in connection with Russia. In each case we find a race of mountaineers with an insufficient territory fighting against a large empire of a contrary and antagonistic religion to its own for the plains at the foot of its mountains. The Mohammedan tribes of the Caucasus are far more numerous, but not more brave, than the Christians who cultivate their mulberry-trees and tend their flocks on the slopes of Montenegro. As regards civilisation, it is certain that the Montenegrins are greatly in advance of the Circassians. They do not sell their daughters; they are not polygamists; they are Christians, and, as such, an improvable race, though at present they are, doubtless, not models of all that is virtuous. Why, then, when there was so much sympathy in England for Schamyl, is there so little for the Prince of Montenegro? and would it not be possible at the same time to benefit the Montenegrins and pacify Turkey by securing to the poor mountaineers such an amount of territory as would enable them to live without becoming marauders on Turkish plains? Such an arrangement would be humane and also highly politic, as it would put an end (for a time, at least) to a war which now, at any moment, may reopen the whole of the troublesome and dangerous Eastern question.

The settlement of the dispute between Turkey and Montenegro, which has just been effected, does not affect the remarks we have made above as we have dealt with the questions of right and justice irrespective of force and power. Besides, the question is likely soon to come up again, for we doubt very much whether the Montenegrins will long submit to the conditions imposed on them.

THE FUTURE PRINCESS OF WALES.

WE sometime ago presented our readers with a Portrait of Princess Alexandra of Denmark, the soon-to-be wife of the Prince of Wales, and, we hope, in due time Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India. High titles these—none higher on this earth; and we trust and believe that the young Princess who is ere long to come among us, and her husband that is to be, will be enabled to support them with a dignity and yet unobtrusiveness becoming the successors of the august lady who now bears and makes them still more honourable. We now engrave another Portrait of her Royal Highness, from a more recent photograph; and for doing so we think no apology necessary—the interest universally taken by her Majesty's subjects in the marriage of her eldest son and probable successor on the throne is reason enough for our repeating the portrait. The public cannot hear or see too much of the Princess whom we hope soon to have the pleasure of welcoming among us, and therefore this second Portrait, we are sure, will be acceptable to our readers. As we have already said all that can be said of the personal history of the youthful Princess, and have, moreover, had our say on the possible political influences of the projected union, we extract from a contemporary the following passages in reference to her family history, and the social prospects which lie before her in England:—

"There has been a thrill of emotion in half the schools in the kingdom as the news has spread among them that the Prince of Wales is going to be married to a Princess of Denmark. The school age is perhaps that in which there is the strongest interest about the Danes. The name brings up to the beginners in history the image of the Raven flapping from the mast of the pirate ship—flapping over our eastern shore—flapping over the fen and the wood where the invaded people lay hid. The name brings up the picture of King Alfred wandering in the wilds, and letting cakes burn on a herdsman's hearth. It brings up the story of King Canute seating himself on the edge of the tide, for moralising purposes, to shame his flatterers, and the other story of his rowing near the land in the Fens that he might hear the evensong of the monks of Ely. It is through Canute that we seem to be connected with the Danes in friendship, rather than bound up with them as a conquered people with their conquerors. The schoolchild is full of hatred of the Danes and contempt of the English, while the sea-rovers are pouncing down upon the eastern coast every two or three years, and burning and sacking the towns and putting the terrified country people to flight; and the same child is almost as angry with the English for being so foolish as to buy off the Danes each time, knowing very well that the higher they were paid the more they would come. Those awful associations, and the images of the obstinate worship of Thor and Odin, in spite of the Christian missionaries who risked their lives to convert the Danes, melt away when King Canute comes over the sea, and grows fond of England, and England grows fond and proud of him; and it seems natural, as the young student gets further on in the history of England, that there should have been a sense of affinity between the English and the Danes for a long course of centuries. Thus it may seem very natural that our heir Apparent should marry the daughter of the future King of Denmark; but still the news will make many young eyes open wide, and many young hearts beat thick.

"Can a daughter of these sea-rovers—one of the brood of the Danish Raven—be coming to be a future Queen of England? Yes; but she will not be the first Princess of Denmark who has come over to take a seat on a throne in our island.

"It was thus that we became possessed of the Orkney and the Shetland Isles. These were the pledge of the dowry of Margaret, daughter of Christian I., who married James III. of Scotland, in 1469; and, as the dowry was never paid, the islands came to us, with Scotland, on the death of Queen Elizabeth. At the same time we had a Queen from Denmark, the wife of James I., and the mother of Charles I., being the daughter of Frederick II. of Denmark.

"Our Princess Royal, the Crown Princess of Prussia, is understood to have been the chief mover in bringing together her brother and the daughter of the future King of Denmark. To most people's minds this is delightful. It shows that the private happiness of the young people is the first consideration; and, if we are to look at the matter in a political light, it certainly appears, to reasonable people, that the best chance of a pacific arrangement of the difficulties between Germany and Denmark arises from the knitting of a family bond between the Royal houses of Prussia and Denmark. It is impossible to help thinking that the next heir to the Prussian throne must be kindly disposed towards the Danish house while desiring a marriage between that and the English Royal family.

"O! but," say the croakers, "this Danish Princess is herself of a German family. The people of Denmark hate the Germans, and this marriage must therefore be disagreeable to them, as a direct countenance of German pretensions. They hate the existing settlement of the Crown; and they will believe that England is enlisted on the side of their enemies if the proposed marriage takes place." This croak brings us up to the other dismal view—the dread of Russian relations with Denmark.

"It has been a great misfortune to Denmark that there has been a repeated failure of male heirs to the throne. There was no male heir for a century after the death of Christopher III., in 1448; and for some time past there has again been difficulty and danger to the State from the same cause. It is not to be wondered at; for marriages of consanguinity have been far too common in the Royal house of Denmark; and deterioration of the quality of families, and troubles about succession, are the proper consequences of such marriages. One of the best features of the proposed connection is there being no relationship in the case; and where the choice is so restricted as that of Royal children is by our Royal Marriage Act, and by State religion and policy all over Europe, it is a great blessing that our Prince will marry a Protestant Princess out of a fresh family, who will bring new blood into our Royal house. Denmark, meantime, is suffering from failure of male heirs. The reigning King is old, and long ago made a left-handed marriage. The Hereditary Prince is old, and has no heirs. When it was clear that none were to be expected, the chief Powers of Europe entered upon a consultation as to how the succession was to be arranged, so as to preclude civil and international strife when the two childless Princes should die. The result was the Treaty of May 8, 1852, by which it was agreed by England, France, Russia, Austria, Prussia, Sweden, and Norway, and Denmark, that succession by the female line was inadmissible, and that, therefore, the house of Glücksborg must succeed. This is the family which is cried out upon as German, and as standing between the Danish and the Russian throne. Next to the Glücksborg Princes, we are told, stands the Czar; and then follows a dismal picture of the state of Europe in general, and England in particular, when the Czar shall have absorbed Denmark and laid his grasp on the entrance to the Baltic. A very few words will dispense these ingenious fears. The second article of the treaty provides for another consultation being held and another settlement made in case of any probability of a failure of male heirs in the Glücksborg line. Thus all the great Powers of Europe stand between the Russian family and the throne of Denmark.

"Glücksborg is in Schleswig, and those who choose to class Schleswig with Holstein, and to claim a German mode of government for it, choose also to consider its princes German. That house is allied with Hesse Cassel; but not only have Glücksborg wives come from Hesse, but Hessian spouses have come from Denmark. We consider our Royal family English, though they have been abundantly connected with Germany, besides coming thence within a century and a half. The Princess who is coming to us is rather less than more German than the Prince of Wales, whose father and grandmother were German. It would be enough to say that his wife becomes English by her marriage with the future King of England; but it is also true that she is Danish, by every qualification of nature and of training.

"Our Prince is of an affectionate and kindly temper—no student, and following no profession. The prime necessity for him, therefore, is a home of his own, with its special duties and its expanding interests. Under his peculiar circumstances it is well that he is to have this resource so early. It will be of inestimable value to him, and to the nation, if out of this home should come the influence which will place him under training for the great work of his life. Some of us feel that the year of mourning which is approaching its close would have been best sanctified by diligent work rather than by the restless wandering which looks too much like a formed habit in the young Prince; by an attendance on his mother, which might have already put him in training for the sort of assistance which his father afforded her under the constant burden of her duties. To learn from travel is good; but it can only be after a fixed study at home. Recreation by sport is good; but it is recreation only when it succeeds to toil. If the new friend who is henceforth to be always by his side should influence him to work—to work at anything whatever with all his might—especially if she supports in him the dutiful and natural desire to understand public questions, to discharge his legislative functions, and to relieve the Queen of whatever business can be committed to his hands, such influence will endear the young wife to the existing generation and will deserve the gratitude of all that are to come."

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

There is no domestic intelligence of special importance from France. The Emperor's decision on the Roman question is still the favourite topic of speculation; but on that subject his Majesty still preserves the most impenetrable silence. Several Italian notabilities have been to visit him at Biarritz; but nothing is positively known, either of the objects of their visit or of the answers they have received. A Paris correspondent says he has received reliable information from Rome that the French are becoming as unpopular in that city as the Austrians used to be in Milan. The officers of the army of occupation are shunned at the public places and cafés, and the best families are "not at home" when a French visitor calls. The same feeling, it is said, is exhibited at Florence and Milan.

Intelligence from Mexico to Aug. 24 states that 2000 French troops had disembarked at Vera Cruz, and were immediately dispatched to Orizaba.

BELGIUM.

The national fêtes in commemoration of the independence of Belgium commenced on Wednesday, and, according to an intimation that had been given, the King honoured them with his presence. His Majesty entered Brussels about two in the afternoon, and, as he passed through the city on his way to the palace, the people, who had assembled in immense numbers, testified their joy at seeing their Sovereign in improved health among them by an amount of enthusiasm almost indescribable. The whole of the Civic Guard was under arms, but, as a testimony of his reliance on the love of his people, the King dispensed with the presence of the army. On arriving at the palace the King received deputations from the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies.

ITALY.

The state of Garibaldi and the approaching marriage of Princess Pia are the two leading topics of interest in the news from Italy. As regards the first we refer to another column; and as to the latter, all that can be said is that great preparations are being made to celebrate the event, and that sundry distinguished personages—among them Prince Napoleon and Princess Clotilde—have arrived, or are about to arrive, at Turin to be present on the occasion. The marriage is expected to take place on the 25th or 27th inst., but the day has not yet been fixed. The National Committee in Rome is taking the lead in preparing a wedding present for Princess Pia.

Rumours of Ministerial changes are rife in Turin. The Minister of Justice, Signor Conforti, disagrees, according to a Turin letter, upon a rather important point with his colleagues, and notably with Ratazzi. The dissidence had already showed itself, as it seems, during the deliberations on the question whether Garibaldi should be tried or not—Conforti and two of his colleagues declaring against a trial. Now, a majority of the Cabinet are desirous of doing what they call purifying the magistracy, but dismissing every Judge suspected of Republican or Bourbonist tendencies. To this the Minister of Justice is rigidly opposed. Magistrates, he says, are neither to be appointed nor dismissed on account of their political opinions; so he is to resign his portfolio. General Durando, it is said, will also leave the Ministry, and Ratazzi will assume the direction of Foreign Affairs.

On the subject of Italian policy a Brussels journal says:—Rumours, the echo of which come to us from Paris, begin to credit the Italian Government with some faint desire for energy. It is asserted that the Ratazzi Ministry is preparing a series of important measures in order to put France in a position to evacuate Rome. The Chambers will be shortly convoked, in order to vote with urgency two bills—one decreeing that every Roman citizen shall have the right to claim the position of a subject of the King of Italy; the other having for its object the admission of Roman deputies to the Italian Parliament. The presentation of these measures will be preceded by an expostulatory and justificatory note, addressed first to the French Government and then to the other European Cabinets.

The Italian savans assembled at Sicuna have selected Rome as

the city in which they will hold their next congress. Nearly all the voting-tickets when drawn from the balloting-urn bore the words, "Rome for the Capital." Most enthusiastic applause followed, and shouts were raised of "Viva Emanuele!"

About sixty brigands having approached San-Sosio, Naples, were met by the National Guard and the population, who, after a combat of three hours, put them to flight and pursued them. A few priests took part in the conflict.

AUSTRIA.

The Financial Commission at Vienna have laid down a set of very wholesome rules for restraining the Executive Government in the expenditure authorised by the Reichsrath. These rules were peremptorily insisted upon against the opposition of Ministers, and in some respects they go beyond those from time to time gained by the House of Commons against the later Stuarts and William. "The sums of Commons against the different Ministerial departments can only be expended in those departments. The sums granted can only be spent for the purposes specified. Any moneys that may be saved are to be returned to the State Exchequer." These are sound constitutional maxims, but after all it depends on the spirit of the functionaries and the watchfulness and power of the Parliament or Reichsrath, whether they may be fruitful for liberty or for despotism.

PRUSSIA.

A Ministerial crisis has occurred at Berlin in consequence of the firm attitude assumed by the Chamber of Deputies on the subject of the Military Budget. The committee on the Budget laid their report before the Chamber of Deputies on Friday, the 19th, when the proposal to continue the special discussion of the Budget was adopted. On Saturday the discussion was renewed, and all the propositions of the committee were agreed to. Cabinet Councils were immediately held; several Ministers reported resigned, and a partial reconstruction of the Cabinet has been effected. Prince Hohenlohe retires from the Presidency of the Cabinet, and Bismark-Schonhausen takes his place. The Finance Minister von der Heydt also retires. At the request of the Ministry, the meeting of the Chambers, which was to have taken place on Thursday, was postponed till Monday. These changes are thought to indicate no real change of policy, nor any inclination of the Court to recede from an untenable point. The organs of the Feudal military party, too, which supports the Court, are violent in their abuse of the great Liberal majority, who are really only defending a vital constitutional privilege.

RUSSIA.

A speech of the Emperor of Russia, addressed to the peasants of Novgorod, is reported. The Emperor tells them that they will get no further concessions, and directs them to come to terms with their landlords. Of course this cannot mean that the serfs are not to have entire freedom, but only that they are not to remain in possession of the land as well.

An Imperial manifesto, published on the 20th inst., orders that recruiting, which has been suspended during the last six years, shall be resumed in 1863. The quota is to be five men out of every 1000 inhabitants. Recruiting will commence on the 15th of January next. The official explanation of the arrest of Count Zamoycki, the eminent Polish noble, is given to the world. The Count, it seems, according to this explanation, set himself up as the director and organ of an illegal assembly; and the Imperial Government, knowing what a Government is and what is not a Government, will not allow an assembly of private persons to assume the significance of a constituted body. Yet this assembly, so condemned as illegal, was simply a meeting of Polish gentlemen, who drew up a memorial of grievances in a quiet, peaceable manner, much as a county meeting in England might do when the county was in a state of discontent. As the Russian Government cannot proceed against a whole meeting they pick out the chairman, and begin the process which will end for him very likely in Siberia.

GREECE.

It would appear from the Athens journals that the present Greek Ministry has resolutely entered on a course of those practical improvements which had until now been neglected for mere political speculations. It has repaired the disasters of the recent insurrection; it is labouring with effectual zeal for the prosperity of the country; it is constructing a port on the western coast of the Peloponnese; the necessity of which previous Administrations had limited themselves to simply admitting; it is completing the system of telegraphic communication, which will put the different parts of Greece in communication with each other and with the rest of Europe; and is urging forward with rare activity considerable works of public utility. The moral interests of the Greek nation are represented as not less an object of solicitude on the part of the Colocotroni Ministry. Public education is taking a fresh extension; schools and colleges are being founded, and soon the smallest locality will be provided with a centre of education.

ELECTORAL HESSE.

The elections are now nearly over in Electoral Hesse. The general result is satisfactory. The Constitutional party, moderate but progressive, seems to have obtained the majority. Nothing is yet known as to the nature of the measures which the Government intends to submit to the Legislature, the Elector not having yet given any explanations on the subject. His Royal Highness is for the moment absorbed in the autumn exercises, reviews, and parades, which will last till the end of September.

TURKEY, THE HERZEGOVINA, AND SERBIA.

Vukalovich has signed at Ragusa, in the name of the Herzegovina, the record of submission. Kurschid Pacha, who was present, has annointed Vukalovich, and conferred upon him the rank of Bimbascchi. Fêtes took place at Cetigne to celebrate the conclusion of peace. Several Turks of high rank who were invited were present upon the occasion. The banishment of Mirko has been referred to the decision of Omer Pacha. The military road through the Montenegrin territory claimed by the Porte has been agreed to by the Prince of Montenegro.

From Serbia the news is somewhat conflicting. One telegram reports that "Uschitza is being regularly besieged by the Servians. They are also surrounding Semendria and Schabatz. The Turkish troops occupying those places are frequently disturbed by gunshots being fired into their quarters." Another states that "A commissioner of the Porte, accompanying a Servian senator, will order the razing of the fortress of Uschitza."

SWEDEN AND DENMARK

Letters from Frankfort repeat the assertion that a convention has been agreed upon between Sweden and Denmark, in virtue of which the former of those States would eventually occupy various fortified places of Denmark in order to allow the Danish army, in case of invasion, to oppose the troops of the Germanic Confederation. The recent meetings of the two Scandinavian Sovereigns are said to have resulted in this arrangement.

CHINA.

A telegram from Canton, dated the 10th ult., states that a rebellion has broken out in Tonquin, and that the insurgents number 100,000. A typhoon had caused immense destruction at Canton and Macao, and Chefoo was afflicted with the ravages of cholera. Japan was much disturbed, and all the foreign Ministers had left Jeddo.

INDIA.

By intelligence received from Bombay we learn that the old judicial system as administered in the Supreme and Sudder Courts has come to an end, and that the new High Courts of Judicature are now in full operation in all the three presidencies. The Judges of the Agra Court have confirmed the sentence of death passed on Rao Sahib, of Cawnpore, for his participation in several of the murders of British subjects by the miscreant Nana, and the order for his execution had passed. Mr. W. U. Arbuthnot is mentioned as the successor of Mr. Laing as financial member of the Council of India. Cholera was unfortunately prevalent in the north-west provinces and the Punjab, but the health of the remainder of the Peninsula was reported as good.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

GENERAL NEWS.

The news received from America this week is not of so stirring a character as that brought by the two or three previous mails.

General McClellan had taken the field. He left Washington with the Federal army, taking the direction of Northern Maryland, to attack the invading Confederates. It was not known how large the Confederate force is which has crossed into Maryland, but it was variously estimated at from 30,000 to 100,000 men. They march in detached bodies, comprising infantry, cavalry, and artillery. Confederate General Stuart's cavalry occupy Poolesville, Maryland. Another telegram states that an engagement had taken place here, and that the Confederates had been driven out. The Confederates also occupied Monrovia, Maryland, and were marching in force on Hagerstown. Some reports say that General Jackson was marching in heavy force upon Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, and others that he was moving on Baltimore by way of Westminster. The Confederates occupied in force the west bank of Seneca Creek, from its mouth on the Potomac, twenty-two miles above Washington, to Middle Brook Mills, a line of ten miles. Some portion of the Confederate force appears to have made its way into Pennsylvania, but in what strength was not known. The Federal Governor of Maryland had issued an order to the citizens calling upon them to organise to resist the invasion. Porter's mortar fleet was reported to be off Baltimore, prepared to destroy the city if captured by the Confederates. General Banks commands at Washington. Many families were leaving the capital, but the alarm was not general. The Confederate Provost Marshal of Frederic had issued a proclamation stating that the Confederates came as friends, and would not disturb private property. The Confederates were collecting supplies throughout Maryland, which they paid for in cash or bills. Enoch Lowe had been appointed Provisional Confederate Governor of Maryland. The report of the evacuation of Nashville was not entirely credited. Wild rumours of defeats and successes of the Federal armies were current all over New York, but could not be traced to authentic sources.

A feeling of complete distrust of the Government was beginning to show itself, and the sentiment was even expressed that it would be no very bad thing for the great cities of the North to be captured by the Southerners—an event which was not deemed at all improbable.

General McDowell had been relieved from his command, and granted three weeks' leave of absence; and General Pope had started to take the command in Minnesota against the Indians.

Business had been resumed at Cincinnati; but war preparations continued to be made there as well as at Covington and Newport, Kentucky, towards which the Confederates were advancing.

The enrolment for the draught is being completed. The stringent war orders in reference to draughting and volunteering have been withdrawn. Restrictions on travel are removed.

The *New York Times* correspondent announces that five Federal negro regiments are to be raised at Hilton Head, and 50,000 negroes to be enrolled.

President Davis has ordered a day of thanksgiving for the late Confederate victories. A bill has been introduced into the Confederate Congress calling upon the States for 300,000 additional troops.

THE CONFEDERATE ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE AT MANASSAS.

The reports of General Lee as to the battle at Manassas, or Bull Run, on the 28th, 29th, and 30th ult., had been communicated to the Southern Congress by President Davis, accompanied by the subjoined message. General Lee states that immense quantities of stores were captured, a considerable portion of which had to be destroyed from want of the means of transport. He also reports, with regret, that several officers of distinction, including two or three Generals, had been wounded. President Davis's message is as follows:—

I have the gratification of presenting to Congress two despatches from General Robert E. Lee, commanding the army of Northern Virginia, communicating the result of the operations north of the Rappahannock. From these despatches it will be seen that God has again extended his shield over our patriotic army, and has blessed the cause of the Confederacy with a second signal victory on the field already memorable by the gallant achievement of our troops. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the skill and daring of the Commanding General who conceived, or the valour and hardihood of the troops who executed, the brilliant movement whose result is now communicated. After having driven from their intrenchments an enemy superior in numbers, and relieved from siege the city of Richmond, as heretofore communicated, our tollown troops advanced to meet another invading army, reinforced not only by the defeated army of General McClellan, but by the fresh corps of Generals Burnside and Hunter. After forced marches, with inadequate transportation, and across streams swollen to unusual heights, by repeated combats they turned the position of the enemy, and, forming a junction of their columns in the face of greatly superior forces, they fought the decisive battle of the 30th, the crowning triumph of their toil and valour.

The Southern loss in the battles of the 29th and 30th is officially reported by President Davis to have been 3000 men killed, wounded, and missing. On the same field which received the Southern slain were buried by Southern hands no less than 3000 Federal soldiers. This last item, of course, does not include those buried or removed by the Federals.

The special correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, writing from Washington on the 8th, says:—

Up to the night of the 6th not less than 1000 of our dead at Bull Run still lay unburied—1000 corpses, black, swollen, and decomposed by a week of hot suns and beating showers, were still refused a covering of earth. Worse than this, as revolting and more painful, the wounded lay days—long days and long nights, some of them a week of long days and long nights—among those putrid corpses, wanting care for their wounds, wanting food, wanting water, calling in faint voices to occasional passers-by, friend or foe, for help, and receiving none. These are facts, disgraceful as they are stubborn.

GENERAL POPE AND HIS COADJUTORS.

General Pope had issued his report of the recent battles in Virginia. In it he has the following allusion to a matter which was much commented on by the correspondents of the *New York Journals*:—

I do not hesitate to say that if the corps of Porter had attacked the enemy in flank on the afternoon of Friday, as he had my written order to do, we should utterly have crushed Jackson before the forces under Lee could have reached him. Why he did not do so I cannot understand. Our men, much worn down by hard service and continuous fighting for many previous days, and very short of provisions, rested on their guns. Our horses had had no forage for two days. I had telegraphed and written urgently for rations and forage to be sent us; but on Saturday morning, before the action was resumed, I received a letter from General Franklin, written the day before at Alexandria, stating that he had been directed by General McClellan to inform me that rations and forage for my command would be loaded into the cars and available waggons as soon as I would send a cavalry escort to Alexandria to bring them up. All hope of being able to maintain my position, whether victorious or not, vanished with this letter. My cavalry was utterly broken down by long and constant service in the face of the enemy, and, bad as they were, could not be spared from the front, even if there had been time to go back thirty miles to Alexandria and await the loading of trains. At the time this letter was written Alexandria was swarming with troops, and my whole army interposed between that place and the enemy. I at once understood that we must, if possible, finish what we had to do that day, as night must see us behind Bull Run if we wished to save men and animals from starvation.

The report concludes as follows:—

To confront a powerful enemy with greatly inferior forces, and fight him day by day without losing your army; to delay and embarrass his movements, and to force him, by persistent resistance, to adopt long and circuitous routes to his destination—are the duties which have been imposed upon me. They are, of all military operations, the most difficult and the most harassing, both to the commander and his troops. How far we have been successful, I leave to the judgment of my countrymen. The armies of Virginia and of the Potomac have been united in the presence and against the efforts of a wary and vigorous enemy in greatly superior force to either, with no loss for which they did not exact full retribution.

The following was written by Colonel Brodhead, of Michigan, on the battle-field, a few moments before his death, two balls having passed through his body:—

Dear Brother and Sister,—I am passing now from earth, but send you love from my dying couch. For all your love and kindness may you be rewarded. I have fought manfully, and now die fearlessly. I am one of the victims of Pope's imbecility and McDowell's treason. Tell the President, would he save the country, he must not give our hallowed flag into such hands. But the old flag will triumph yet—the soldiers will regild its poles, now polluted by imbecility and treason. John, you owe a duty to your country. Write, show up Pope's incompetency and McDowell's infamy, and force them from

places where they can send brave men to assured destruction. I had hoped to live longer, but I die amidst the danger of battle, as I could wish. Farewell! To you and the noble officers of my regiment I confide my wife and children.

THE WAR MATERIAL LOST AT MANASSAS.

A New York correspondent, in speaking of the results of the battles at Manassas, says:—

That the amount of war-material of every description which fell into General Lee's hands is enormous, though not mentioned in the public papers, is universally admitted in Washington. The railroads from Manassas Station to Richmond are said to be choked with cannon. General Lee in his despatch (which is given below) bewails the necessity which he was under of destroying a large quantity of munitions of war for lack of transportation. It is not wonderful that the Southern haul was unprecedented when it is known that Colonel Fitzhugh Lee immediately after capturing Manassas, telegraphed in the name of General Pope's Chief of the Staff to the proper officer in Washington, requesting him to send to Manassas a large supply of shelter-tents and harness for artillery horses. The order was promptly attended to, and the train soon appeared and passed at once into Southern hands. In fact, at a moment of less feverish excitement any Government on earth might well be agast at the wholesale and unparalleled sacrifice of property destroyed rather than that it should pass into the hands of the Confederates. As one instance, it may be mentioned that a Federal General named White was in command at Washington. Hearing that General Jackson was approaching, and terrified at a name which at this moment is to the North what "Maribrook" once was to French children, General White evacuated Winchester, burnt all the commissariat and quartermaster's stores there collected, left the 32-pounders on the fortifications round the town still in position, destroyed several private stores, and decamped ventre-à-terre for Maryland. Similar, at the other end of the Federal lines, at Fredericktown, was the destruction of Federal property. When, some day, stock is taken of the waste and wear and tear of this prodigious war it will be found to be not only unparalleled in modern history, but that no analogy which will afford any grounds of comparison can be found in human annals.

ITALY AND ROME.

GENERAL DURANDO'S CIRCULAR.

The following is the text of the circular addressed to the diplomatic agents of Italy abroad by the Minister for Foreign Affairs, General Durando, and to which reference was made in our Number for last week:—

TURIN, Sept. 10.
Sir,—The attitude taken by the King's Government since the attempt of Sarnico afforded ground for belief that General Garibaldi would thenceforward renounce enterprises incompatible with established order and of a nature to compromise Italy in its relations with foreign Governments.

This expectation has been frustrated. Led astray by sentiments which respect for law and a just appreciation of the state of things ought to have restrained, and too accessible to the incitements of a sect better known by its victims than its successes, he did not quit before the prospect of a civil war, and wished to make himself the arbiter of the alliances and destinies of Italy.

By favour of the recollections left in Sicily by the events of 1860 he was enabled to assemble in that island some bodies of volunteers, but the populations divided between the sympathy which a claiming (revindication) of Rome could not fail to awaken within them, and regret at seeing this claim assume the character of a revolt, did not see him pass through their midst without uneasiness and sadness.

The Parliament disapproved of his proceedings, and the King himself, whose name he never ceased to invoke, called upon him to submit to the laws. All was useless. He traversed Sicily and entered Catania, everywhere finding a welcome full of salutary warning, which, however, he could not understand. From Catania he at length passed over to the mainland with 3000 men, thus compelling the King's Government to order an immediate and complete suppression of his proceedings. It was then that, met by a detachment of the Royal army, he was taken with his adherents.

The facts that I have just briefly recapitulated will leave no other trace among us than a painful recollection.

The harmony of the public mind, founded upon a unanimous attachment to exalted principles, could not be troubled.

These facts have, however, a significance which you will point out to the Government to which you are accredited. They are, first, a testimony of the political maturity of those populations whose freedom dates from yesterday; of the desire of Italy to see its destinies accomplished by regular means; and of the indissoluble ties which unite the nation to the constitutional monarchy, the supreme expression of the will of the country. They afford, besides, fresh proof of the fidelity and discipline of the army, the constant and safe guardian of the national independence.

The European Cabinets must not, however, misunderstand the true meaning of events. Law has carried the day, but it must be admitted that the wretchedness of the volunteers was, this time, the expression of a want more imperative than ever. The whole nation claims the capital; it has only lately resisted the inconsiderate impulse of Garibaldi because convinced that the King's Government would be able to accomplish the mandate which it has received from Parliament respecting Rome.

The problem may have changed its aspect, but the urgency of a solution only becomes more cogent.

In the presence of the shocks, daily becoming more and more serious, which recur in the peninsula, the Powers will comprehend that Italy has made a supreme and final effort in treating as an enemy a man who had rendered such signal services, and upheld a principle which exists in the minds of all Italians. They will feel that the Italians, in seconding the Sovereign without hesitation in the crisis which has just been passed, understood how to unite all their strength around the legitimate representative of their rights, in order that entire justice may be at length rendered them. After this victory, obtained in some sort over herself, Italy no longer needs to prove that her cause is that of European order. It has been sufficiently shown what sacrifices she is capable of making in order to keep her engagements, and Europe is notably aware that she will keep those she has undertaken, and which she is still ready to take, relative to the liberty of the Holy See. Henceforth the Powers ought, therefore, to assist us in dissipating the prejudices which still exist to prevent Italy from finding rest and reassuring Europe.

The Catholic nations, and, above all, France, who has so constantly laboured in the world in defence of the interests of the Church, will recognise the danger of any longer maintaining an antagonism between Italy and the Papacy, the sole cause of which is to be found in the temporal power, and of tiring out the spirit of moderation and conciliation with which the Italian people have hitherto shown themselves animated.

Such a state of things is no longer tenable, and would end by entailing extreme consequences upon the Government of the King, the responsibility of which could not weigh on us alone, and would seriously compromise the religious interests of Catholicism and the tranquillity of Europe.

This document has produced a great sensation on the Continent. Those who support the Italian Government say the document means the liberation of Garibaldi, and an imperative demand for the evacuation of Rome. Those who distrust the Government say the Foreign Minister never would have ventured on such expressions except with the consent of France, which fact in itself would be a very hopeful symptom.

A NEW PROPELLING POWER.—On the Scheldt, near Antwerp, experiments have been made with a river-boat provided with a new propelling power which has been recently discovered. The boat has neither paddle-wheels nor screw. In the middle of it, however, is a cone-shaped kettle into which the water is pumped up, and from which it is driven out with great force into the river through two curved boxes on the side of the boat, by which means the vessel is propelled forward with great swiftness. By simple machinery the arrangement of the boxes can be so altered that the boat can be immediately turned and steered in any direction. The experiments made with this boat, which is intended to ply between Luik and Seraing, have far exceeded expectation, and will perhaps cause a revolution in the means of propulsion. The new system, which has been discovered by a German, one M. Selber, can be very well applied to large vessels.—*Dutch Paper*.—[The idea of propelling vessels by hydraulic pressure is not a new one, as our Dutch contemporary seems to think. It has long been before the world; and some years ago the Messrs. Ruthven, of Edinburgh, constructed a vessel on this principle at Granton, near that city; and, though the results showed that the system might be applied to some extent, the practical working of the principle was not, we believe, satisfactory. At all events, the proposal ceased to attract attention till it has now been revived on the Scheldt.]

"ORDER" IN THE PRUSSIAN CHAMBER.—One of the questions to which the debates in the Prussian Chamber of Deputies have given rise is, whether it is competent for the President to call a Minister to order. M. Schulze having complained that the Minister of War was not called to order for some expressions used by him in the course of the debate, Vice-President Behrend replied that it was the duty of the President to decide whether there was ground for a call to order, but that in the present case he could not adopt such a course, as the Minister had not the honour of being a member of the House. M. Waldeck maintained the right of the President to call a Minister to order, and said that members would be deprived of their rights if the President did not protect them from such language as was used by the Minister of War. The Minister of Finance declared that the Ministers of the King, even if members, would not submit to a call to order by the President, and that they did not mean, in their quality of Ministers to be brought under the discipline of the President. This remark was received with sensation by the Chamber, and Vice-President Behrend declared, amidst loud cheers, that the Minister had offended the dignity of the House in saying that, though a deputy, he would not submit to a call to order.

THE GILLACKS AND KAMCHATKANS.

CONTINUING the journey from Japan towards the Russian frontier, the traveller arrives in the Bay of Petropolovska, where our readers will remember that M. Weinschenk, from whose letter we made several extracts in a former Number, was to accompany the crew of the whaler who were about to winter there, to await the opening of the fishing season. The bay is remarkably spacious, since it contains three distinct ports, in each of which the ships are thoroughly protected. One of these is never frozen, so that a communication is preserved between the vessels and the land. It is in the southern bay that the ships take refuge during the cold season. Petropolovska is in effect the capital of Kamchatka, and wears an appearance half European and the other half peculiar to itself. The objects which are most calculated to strike a foreigner on entering the city are two large spaces surrounded by a little fence of wood: in the midst of the one a plank bears the inscription, "Cigit les Français," in the other, "Cigit the English." These are the burial-places of the French and English who were killed during the unhappy attempt of the allied armies against Petropolovska during the Crimean War. From here the traveller reaches Nikolafeska by sea, passing through the midst of the Russian Kurile Islands, and entering the Sea of Okhotsk, and, unless the ice forces him to remain or to re-pass by the Strait of La Peyrouse, and so gain the Tartary channel. Castries is neither a city nor a small town, being merely a simple port presided over by a port captain. On reaching Castries our former voyager, M. Weinschenk, found that he must choose between staying there altogether for the winter or pursuing his journey to Nikolafeska by land a distance of 420 versts. Having made his choice in favour of continuing his route, he discovered a "Gillack" who was returning to one of the villages of the Amoor, and who agreed to accompany him, both of them mounting an ox, by which means they arrived by nightfall at the entrance of a forest, where they were compelled to get down, since the snow, which had been falling ever since the morning, effectually barred their passage: at ten o'clock at night they reached Alexandrovka on foot. This mode of travelling was no more satisfactory to the guide than to M. Weinschenk, since the Gillacks are accustomed to traverse the immense plains or descend the frozen rivers in light sledges, drawn by dogs. "Alexandrovka," says our enterprising friend, "is nothing more than a posthouse situated upon the very border of the forest and on the shore of a lake; there, however, there are a man, a woman, a calf, some fowls, a million of beetles, and two millions of rats, all of them living peaceably in a room 5ft. square, lighted by a torch of resin."

Finding it impossible to rest there, he continued his route in order to arrive as soon as possible at Kisesy, where he might find a fishing-boat to take him to Nikolafeska. Having parted with the Gillack, between whom and himself mutual suffering in traversing the lake of Kisesy had produced a sort of friendship, he discovered a boat and two other Gillacks, who accompanied him for ten roubles, paid in

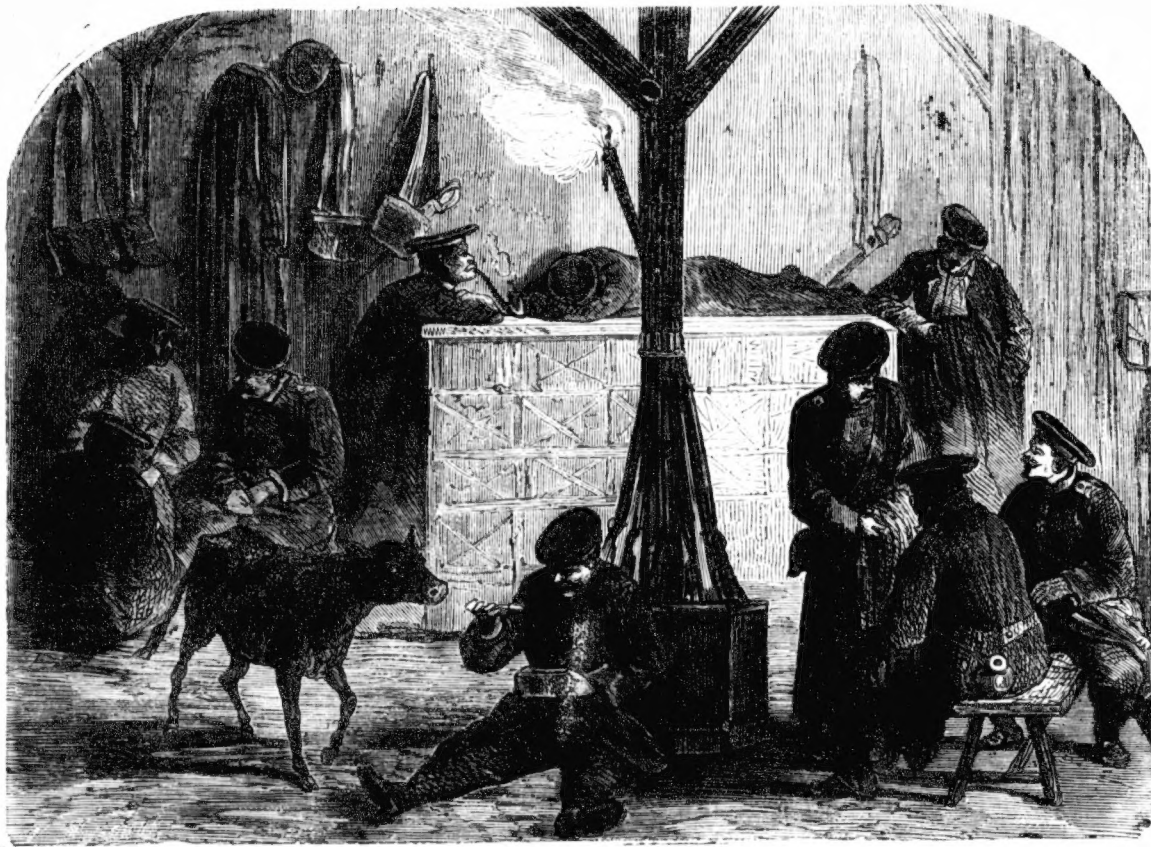
advance; with these, however, he did not easily agree, especially as he could not speak their language and they became insubordinate. "The night," says he "passed wretchedly enough. The next morn-

reindeer skin, sleep upon the surrounding couches. On one of the hearths, inclosed in a species of stove, I see two immense kettles—one containing melted snow, the other the fish intended for the dinner of both men and dogs. The silence of death reigns in the hut. What is there to say? These people are almost separated from civilisation, and live lives of perpetual hardship. The women are clothed in fishskin prepared in a particular manner and ornamented by studs with heads of copper."

MESSRS. JOHN IROSE AND CO.'S AND MESSRS. DANIELL AND CO.'S PORCELAIN AND WORKS OF CERAMIC ART AT THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

FROM the earliest ages the ceramic art has existed as an evidence of civilisation, and the specimens of pottery discovered upon the sites of ruined cities have afforded some indications of the cultivated taste which distinguished nations of whom there remain few authentic records.

All the peoples of antiquity, including those mysterious South American races whose discovery and history are alike involved in so much that is fabulous, have contributed to the relics of this the most ancient of the arts. From the period when pottery was principally represented by the water-jars and amphore of the Romans down to the sixteenth century, various distinct natural characteristics were displayed by the ordinary forms of common vessels, as well as those of a more ornamental description while in the sixteenth century Bernard Palissy origin-



ALEXANDROVSKA, A RUSSIAN POST ON THE RIVER AMOOR.



THE COAST OF THE SEA OF OKHOTSK.

ing the wind freshened; I hoisted the miserable rag, and we descended the stream a little more rapidly. Towards the evening a thick fog plunged us in obscurity; during this time we had resolved to dis-

various distinct natural characteristics were displayed by the ordinary forms of common vessels, as well as those of a more ornamental description while in the sixteenth century Bernard Palissy origin-



GILLACKS ON A JOURNEY.

ated those beautiful productions which have been associated with his name for nearly two hundred years. Of the subsequent works of Sevres, Limoges, and Dresden, the examples have always been costly, and, especially in the case of the Sevres porcelain, unattainable in their perfection, except at prices almost fabulous. Even specimens of old "Chelsea" china of our own country are seldom found anywhere but in the cabinets of collectors, or preserved as valuable heirlooms by a few private individuals.

The ceramic art has now reached a period in which the taste and enterprise of some manufacturers, combined with the greater facilities of manipulative skill, produce objects which may in themselves form a new school, while at the same time they reproduce all that was striking and beautiful in the old.

This result of continued experiment is admirably represented at the International Exhibition in that magnificent collection displayed in the cases of Messrs. Daniell and Co., of Wigmore-street and New Bond-street. These gentlemen, in conjunction with Messrs. J. Rose and Co., of Coalport, have succeeded in obtaining a series of reproductions of Sevres, Limoges, Dresden, and other porcelain which, in the difficult matter of colour and perfection of ground, surpass, we believe, anything before attempted. Indeed, it would seem as though that factory at Coalport, in the lovely Shropshire valley, of which we spoke last week, had caught a classic taste by its vicinity to the old "Uriconium," and revelled in a richness of tint learned from the illuminated windows and missals of the monks of Wenlock and Buildwas. One of the two cases at the exhibition contains, perhaps, the most exquisite specimen of painted porcelain which has been produced in the present day. It is not gorgeous nor elaborate in ornamental detail, but consists of a tray, the centre of which is entirely occupied by a painting of cattle copied from a picture by Paul Potter. To say that if the tray itself were framed it would be a beautiful and valuable picture would scarcely convey its peculiar merit. The wonderful effect of surface, and yet the exquisite softness of the dun purple-tinted distance—the mellow effect of the sunlight, and the truthful rendering of the cattle as they stand—all seem to be enhanced by the natural frame formed by the elegantly-wrought rim of the tray itself. Almost equal to this are the pieces containing marvellously-executed copies of Turner's "Bridge of Toledo" and of a bright and beautiful Claude, with a brilliant water effect and a clear Italian sky; while as a specimen of pencilling and exquisite tint we may refer to that charming tray in each of whose four compartments is executed a delightful scrap of Watteau.

Two magnificent Chelsea-shaped vases, copied from a pair lent to Messrs. Daniell by Lady Zetland, are amongst the most attractive of the objects exhibited. The humming-birds which ornament them are wonderful for the delicacy with which they are rendered and the soft brilliance of the tints. Of other vases there are numerous examples especially attractive for their intensity and evenness of colour. A pair of that fine turquoise tint for which, with the Dubarry rose colour, we cannot help thinking

Messrs. Daniell are pre-eminent, deserve particular attention, not only for those qualities of colour-laying and perfect identity of tint for which all the pieces are remarkable, but for their

Emperor Nicholas of Russia, is the most magnificent. There are two rich Limoges vases, however, enamelled with busts of the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, the superb colour and execution of which are amongst the finest of their kind. Of a different description, but equal in merit, is a tray painted with a cattle scene with a rim of that exquisite turquoise blue which is here in such perfection.

In Wigmore-street the imitations of old Chelsea are a great attraction; and, indeed, so closely do they follow the pattern and texture of the original that they would be frequently difficult of detection if they were represented to be genuine.

There are several large pieces in the show-rooms, one of which—a cupid supporting a basket flower-stand—is a very pretty conception. The Dresden vases, too, with their beautiful bird-painting, are exquisite specimens of colour.

At both establishments the more domestic branch of Messrs. Daniell's business receives attention; for, beside the costly and elaborate art-objects which have been referred to, they specially devote themselves to everyday manufactures; so that ordinary services of china and earthenware can here be selected. It will readily be understood that this department of their business derives additional advantages from their constant regard to form and perfect colour, the latter qualification being especially noticeable in the uniformity of shade, the colour lying as evenly as though it formed part of the solid material.



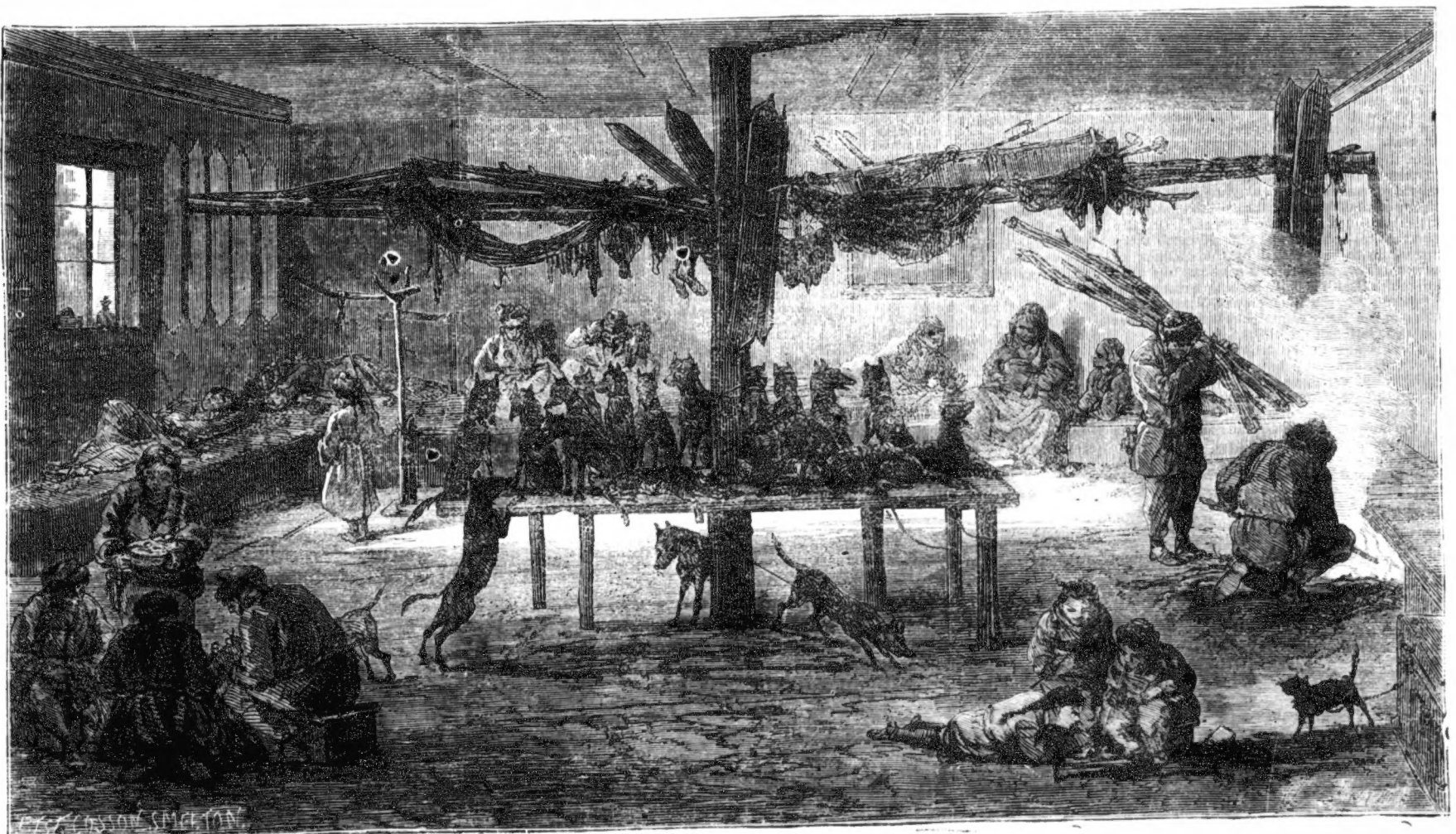
GILLACK ENCAMPMENT.



KAMSCHATKAN.

bold and classical design. The gold and turquoise dessert service, the present of the Duchess of Wellington to Princess Alice, fitly introduces us to an entire collection of table ornaments and porcelain

being especially noticeable in the uniformity of shade, the colour lying as evenly as though it formed part of the solid material.



INTERIOR OF A GILLACK HUT.

FRANCE AND THE ROMAN QUESTION.

The Paris *Moniteur* of Thursday morning contains the following:—

The Roman question having become the subject of a polemic, it is opportune to make known what efforts have been made by the Emperor to bring about a reconciliation between the Holy See and Italy.

On the 25th of May, 1862, the Emperor addressed a letter to M. Thouvenel maintaining the necessity for a policy of conciliation and proposing a combination on the following bases:—

The Pope will lower the barriers which separate the Pontifical territory from Italy, and Italy will give the necessary guarantees for the independence of the Pope.

A double end (continues the Emperor's letter) will be attained by a combination maintaining the Pope as master in his own domain and lowering the barriers which at present separate the States of the Church from the rest of Italy.

In order that the Pope may be master, he should be independent, and his sway should be freely accepted by his subjects. We must hope that it will be thus when Italy engages with France to recognise the privileges of the States of the Church, and when the Pope, returning to ancient traditions, shall recognise the privileges of the municipalities and provinces, so that they may govern themselves.

On the 30th of May M. Thouvenel addressed a note to the Marquis de Lavalette, which says:—

"The words of the Emperor have never held out a hope to the Cabinet of Turin that Rome could become the capital of the kingdom of Italy with the consent of France."

"All the declarations of France announce a firm determination to maintain the Pope in the position of his present territory. The only possible arrangement would be the maintenance of the territorial *status quo*. Italy would have to renounce her pretensions to Rome and engage with France to respect the Papal territory and assume the greater portion, if not the whole, of the Roman debt."

"You will communicate to Cardinal Antonelli this project of conciliation, in which there is nothing of a comminatory character. At the same time, you will give him to understand that, if the theory of immobility continues to be put forward, the Emperor's Government, although as much as possible protecting the interests of the Holy See, would be compelled to quit a situation the prolongation of which beyond a certain time would falsify its policy and throw the public mind into the greatest disorder."

The reply, dated June 24, of the Marquis de Lavalette to the note of M. Thouvenel states that he had communicated the project of conciliation to Cardinal Antonelli, with whom he discussed it in four successive interviews. He found the Cardinal opposed to all idea of a transaction, and his Eminence at length stated that the project could not be received.

THE CONDITION OF GARIBALDI.

A PRIVATE letter has been received from Mr. P. A. Taylor, M.P., dated Spezia, Sept. 17, of which the following are extracts:—

We went by boat to the fortress this morning, some five miles off. The General's room and surroundings are too barrack-like for any idea of comfort, as an Englishman understands it; but to a soldier these things neither seem nor are what they would both seem and be to us under similar conditions. Still, I think there is too much bustle, too many managers, and so forth. I want to put a despot there, who should rule with a firm hand and with unshaken and unshared authority—a Florence Nightingale or a Jessie Mario. The main elements, however, of interest and affection are evidently there, and probably to hardly any other man could the little overmuch of bustle be so innocuous. His calmness, his wonderful serenity of demeanour, seem not to heed, still less to be excited by, the surroundings. . . .

When Mr. Partridge went into his room to examine the wound I remained in an anteroom, not willing to add another to the already sufficient number. Presently, however, the examination being over, Garibaldi sent for me and held out his hand. I have already given you above, in two words, the impression produced at the moment, and returning afterwards, wonderful "serenity"—calm, courteous, and tranquil; thankful for the least service rendered by any of his attendants; an utter absence of anything like the peevishness of a suffering man, yet without any appearance of pressure or the exercise of control over himself. It was an atmosphere of moral elevation. I expressed in a few words the profound sympathy we all feel for and with him, and which I felt justified in saying was shared by all England. He thanked me warmly, or rather earnestly, and said it was not the first time he had had to express his thanks to my country. I expressed also the hope that he would be able to maintain that quiet and rest so essential to his early recovery, as Italy and all of us would have much need of him. He acquiesced, and presently pointed to a seat by the bed, hoping I should "pardon that he could not talk much." The doctors soon concluded their consultation, and we took leave.

He appears less ill than I was prepared to find him, but his limbs are, they say, much fallen away. While we were there he was supporting himself in a sitting posture by grasping a rope stretched above him. He can bear no motion of the leg without great suffering, and there is evidence that the necessity of remaining in one posture is producing that soreness so distressing to the invalid.

A kind lady, Mdme. Schwabe, has already obtained a water-bed from Paris; and it is also to obviate this danger that I asked you to send out the surgical apparatus mentioned in my telegram.

The injury consists of a gunshot wound, half an inch in length, over the internal ankle, which has been broken off and the joint laid open. Some portions of the garments were driven into the wound, but the ball did not enter. The wound is free from inflammation, and the patient is, as regards his general health, in a not unsatisfactory condition. The great necessity is perfect quiet. There have been rumours of an intention on the part of the Government to move him. It can be but foolish rumour. There can be no such intention; it would be murder. Months must elapse before the injury can be cured; and there is fear that there may remain a stiff joint. The appearance of the wound is healthy, and the suppuration is also free and satisfactory. His condition is a little under the mark; and I think Mr. Partridge will gradually try if he cannot stand a more generous diet. There has been no bleeding, which is mercy, merely the application of leeches. . . . The Government are acting very wisely in maintaining—as I hear in several quarters they are—much mystery about Garibaldi's condition. I have seen a gentleman from Naples, who says that much irritation prevails in the south, and especially in Sicily, under the idea that their hero is being intentionally neglected. I am persuaded that there is no ground for this. Two or three of his medical attendants are personal friends and fellow-prisoners, so that there is not room for such suspicion; and the conduct I have referred to on the part of the Government is the more incomprehensible and weak.

Dr. Ripari, who has written an account of the consultation held between himself and his colleagues, with the assistance of Professor Partridge, passes a high eulogium on the last named for the uniform display of that "individual respect of which those free islanders (the British) are such rigorous observers." Dr. Ripari finally expresses a hope that his brethren and himself may continue for as long a period as possible to be assisted by the abilities and experience of their foreign visitor. The reports continue to state that the condition of Garibaldi's health is daily becoming more satisfactory.

According to the *Wanderer* of Vienna, the Consul of the United States in the latter capital has written a letter of condolence to the wounded Garibaldi on his late failure and capture, and invited him to offer his arm in the contest for liberty (!) which the Northern Government are sustaining. Garibaldi, in reply, has promised, when at liberty and cured, to seize the first opportunity to render his services to the great American Republic.

Meetings to sympathise with Garibaldi and to remonstrate against the continued occupation of Rome by the French are being held all over England and Scotland, and the movement seems to be every day gaining strength. Members of Parliament, mayors, aldermen, and other notabilities have taken part in the proceedings of some of these meetings, the speeches made at which are generally of a calm and moderate tone. An association of working men in London have commenced a Garibaldi subscription, many foreign political exiles, Poles and others, taking an active part in collecting the workmen's mites. On the Continent, too, a like feeling seems to exist, a meeting to sympathise with Garibaldi having been held at Stockholm a few days ago.

A MODERN WILLIAM TELL.—Three sportsmen who happened to meet last week at a public-house near St. Cyprien, Belgium, began talking of their skill in shooting, when one of them, a wealthy farmer, named Cyrille S., stated that he would hit, at a certain distance, a lantern placed on the head of his son, a boy five years old. A lighted lantern was accordingly placed on the child's head and cleverly knocked off by a pistol-shot, which just grazed the boy's cap. But the affair did not end here; for, while the parties were drinking the wine for which the loser had paid, the police came and arrested all three—M. S.—on a charge of endangering his son's life and the others as accomplices.

A SHIP BURNED IN THE EAST INDIA DOCKS.—An alarming fire broke out on Wednesday on board the *Southern Cross*, a fine vessel of 700 tons register, lying in the East India Dock, Blackwall. The vessel had nearly all her cargo on board, and was to sail in a day or two, when a bag of lucifer-matches was sent on board. The sailor stowing it in the hold let it fall out of his hands. The bag burst and the matches exploded, producing a combustion which could only be extinguished by scuttling the ship, to the serious damage if not total destruction of the cargo.

SPEECH OF VICTOR HUGO AT BRUSSELS.

The following is a translation of the speech delivered by Victor Hugo at the dinner recently given in his honour at Brussels:—

Gentlemen, my emotion cannot be expressed. You will be indulgent if words fall me. If I had only to reply to the honourable chief magistrate of Brussels my task would be easy; I would only have to repeat, in order to praise a magistrate who is so popular and a city which is so nobly hospitable, what is in all your minds. I need only be an echo. But how can I thank the other eloquent and cordial voices which have spoken of me? By the side of those great publishers to whom we owe the fruitful idea of a universal publishing-house—a kind of preparatory bond between nations—I see journalists, philosophers, eminent writers, the honour of literature, the honour of the civilised Continent. I am troubled and confused at finding myself the centre of such a fête of intellect, and at seeing so much honour reflected upon me, who am but a conscience accepting a duty—a heart resigned to sacrifice. How can I thank you? How shake hands with you altogether? The means are simple. What do you all—writers, journalists, publishers, printers, publicists, thinkers—represent? All the energy of intelligence, all the forms of publicity. You are mind—Legion; you are the new organ of a new society; you are the press. I propose a toast to the press—to the press of all nations—to a free press—to a press powerful, glorious, and fertile. Gentlemen, the press is the light of the social world; and wherever there is light there is something of Providence. Thought is something more than a right, it is the very breath of man. He who fetters thought strikes at man himself. To speak, to write, to print, to publish, are, in point of right, identical things. They are circles constantly enlarging themselves from intelligence into action. They are the sounding waves of thought. Of all these circles—of all these rays of the human mind—the widest is the press. The diameter of the press is the diameter of civilisation itself. With every diminution of the liberty of the press there is a corresponding diminution of civilisation. When the free press is checked we may say that the nutrition of the human family is withheld. Gentlemen, the mission of our time is to change the old bases of society, to create true order, and to substitute everywhere realities for fictions. During this transition of social bases, which is the colossal work of our time, nothing can resist the press applying its power of traction to Catholicism, to militarism, to absolutism, to the dense blocks of facts and ideas. The press is force. Why? Because it is intelligence. It is the living clarion; it sounds the reveille of nations; it loudly announces the advent of justice; it holds no account of night, except to salute the dawn; it becomes day and warms the world. Sometimes, however—strange occurrence!—it is it that gets warnings. This is like the owl reprimanding the crow of the cock. Yes, in certain countries the press is oppressed. Is it a slave? No; an enslaved press is an impossible junction of words. Besides, there are two modes of being enslaved—that of Spartacus and that of Epictetus. The one breaks his chains; the other shows his soul. When the fettered writer cannot have recourse to the first method the second remains for him. No; let despots do what they will; I call all those free men who hear me to witness—and you, M. Pelletan, have recently said so in admirable language and, moreover, you and many others have proved it by generous example—there is no slavery for the mind. Gentlemen, in the age in which we live there is no salvation without liberty of the press; but, on the contrary, misdirection, shipwreck, disaster everywhere. There are at present certain questions which are the questions of the age, which are before us, and are inevitable. There is no medium—we must break upon them or take refuge in them. Society is irresistibly sailing on this stream. These questions are the subject of the painful book of which such splendid mention has been made just now. Pauperism, parasitism, the production and distribution of wealth, money, credit, labour, wages, the extension of politicalism, the progressive decrease of punishments, wretchedness, prostitution, the right of women (who constitute half the human race), the right of a child who demands—I say demands—gratuitous and compulsory education, the right of soul, which implies religious liberty—these are the problems. With a free press they have light thrown upon them, they are practicable; we see the precipices about them and the issues from them; we may attack them and solve them. Attacked and solved, they will save the world. Without the press there is profound darkness. All these problems become immediately formidable. We can only distinguish sharp outlines; we may fall of finding the entrance, and society may founder. Quench the pharos, and the port becomes a rock. Gentlemen, with a free press error is not possible; there is no vacillation, no groping about in the progress of man. In the midst of social problems, of the dark cross-roads, the press is the indicating finger. There is no uncertainty. Advance to the ideal, to justice and to truth; for it is not enough to walk, you must walk forward. How are you going? That is the whole question. To counterfeit movement is not to accomplish progress. To make a footprint without advancing may do for passive obedience. To walk about for ever in the path is but a mechanical movement unworthy of man. Let us have an aim; let us know where we are going; let us proportion the effort to the result; let an idea guide us in each step we take; let every step be logically connected with the other; let the solution come after the idea, and let the victory come after the right. Never step backwards. Indecision in movement shows emptiness of the brain. What is more wretched than to wish and not to wish? He who hesitates falls back and totters—does not think. As for me, I can no more admit politics without a head than I can Italy without Rome. Since I have pronounced the word Rome let me interrupt my thought for a moment and direct it to that hero who is lying on his bed of pain. Indeed he may smile; glory and right are with him. What strikes one down, what crushes one, is that there can be found in Italy—in that noble and illustrious Italy—men who draw their swords against this virtue. Do these Italians, then, no longer recognise a Roman? These men call themselves men of Italy; they shout out that it is victorious, and do not perceive that it is decapitated. Ah! this is a sad misadventure, and history will start back indignant before this hideous victory, which consists in killing Garibaldi in order that Italians may not have Rome. Gentlemen, who are the auxiliaries of the patriot? The press. What is the terror of the coward and the traitor? The press. I know it; the press is hated; and this is a great reason for loving it. Every indignity, every persecution, every fanaticism denounces, insults, and wounds it as far as they can. I recollect a celebrated encyclical, some remarkable words of which have remained on my memory. In this encyclical a Pope, our contemporary Gregory XVI., the enemy of his age, which is somewhat the misfortune of Popes, and having ever present in his mind the old dragon and beast of the Apocalypse, thus described the press in his monkish and barbarous Latin, "Gula ignea, caligo, impetus immanis cum strepitu horrendo!" (a fiery throat, darkness, a fierce rush with a horrid noise). I dispute nothing of the description. The portrait is striking. A mouth of fire, smoke, prodigious rapidity, formidable noise. Just so. It is a locomotive which is passing—it is the press, the mighty and holy locomotive of progress. Where is it going? Where is it dragging civilisation? Where is this powerful pilot-engine carrying nations? The tunnel is long, obscure, and terrible; for we may say that humanity is yet underground, so much matter envelops and crushes it, so many superstitions, prejudices, and tyrannies form a thick vault around it, and so much darkness is above it. Alas! since man's birth the whole of history has been subterranean. We see nowhere the Divine ray; but in the nineteenth century, after the French Revolution, there is hope—there is certainty. Yonder, far in the distance, a luminous point appears. It increases, it increases every moment; it is the future; it is realisation; it is the end of woe, the dawn of joy; it is Canaan, the future land where we shall only have around us brethren and above us heaven. Strength to the sacred locomotive! Courage to thought—courage to science—courage to philosophy! Courage to the press—courage to all of you writers! The hour is drawing nigh when men, delivered at last from this dismal tunnel of 6000 years, will suddenly burst forth in all its dazzling brightness. Gentlemen, one word more, and let me make it, with your kind indulgence, a personal one. To be in your midst is a happiness. I thank God, who has given me in my hard life this charming moment. To-morrow I shall enter into the shade; but I have seen you, I have spoken to you, I have heard you, I have shaken your hands—all this I carry with me into my solitude. You my friends of France, and you my other friends who are here, will feel it quite natural that I should address my last words to you. Eleven years ago you saw almost a young man depart; you find an old man. The hair is changed, but not the heart. I thank you for having remembered me absent. I thank you for having come here. Accept, and you also younger men, whose names were dear to me at a distance, and whom I now see for the first time—accept my deep feelings of emotion. It seems as though amongst you I breathe something of my native air; as though each of you brings to me a little of France; as though from all who are grouped around me there shone something charming and soft, like light, which resembles the smile of one's country. I drink to the press, to its power, to its glory, to its efficiency, to its liberty in Belgium, in Germany, in Switzerland, in Italy, in Spain in England, in America, and to its emancipation elsewhere."

CRYSTAL PALACE.—There were no less than 46,632 visitors at the Crystal Palace on Tuesday on the occasion of the annual benefit of Mr. Strange, the purveyor of the establishment. All sorts of amusements had been provided, and the day being fine, everybody present appeared to enjoy themselves thoroughly. Among the visitors were the Duchess of Cambridge and Princess Mary of Cambridge.

NEW SUBSTITUTE FOR COTTON.—Some few weeks ago a letter was published stating that a gentleman had discovered a substance which could be used as a substitute for cotton, and the advantage of which was that it was immediately available. Much interest was excited; and, as the gentleman ultimately stated that he was willing to make his discovery public without pecuniary reward, a meeting of the leading manufacturers was held in Manchester on Saturday last, at which Mr. Harben, the gentleman in question, attended, and explained that the substance his discovery referred to was the marine plant the common grass wrack, or *Zostera marina*. He showed specimens of the fibre of the material in different stages of preparation, and suggested that, if it was found to answer expectation, the unemployed might at once be set to work to gather the material. The meeting expressed no opinion on the merits of the article, but recorded their sense of the disinterested conduct of the discoverer.

IRELAND.

FOUND, A FINGER.—A young lad came to the General Hospital, Belfast, the other day and gave information of a somewhat singular fact. He stated that, when going into an omnibus running to the Botanic Gardens, he observed the finger of a person fastened about the handle of the bus. He took it from its place, wrapped it in a piece of paper, and gave it to the person in charge of the omnibus. The finger had upon it a ring set with a stone. This singular affair has thus been explained. It says:—"A gentleman from Newtownards was a passenger on the omnibus, and in getting off he got hold of a part of the door which took off his finger above the first joint, and upon it was a gold ring. The gentleman was so weak and faint that he left without informing any one of the accident, and ran to the establishment of Dr. Smyth, Castle-place, where the wounded finger was dressed. He then proceeded by the first train to his residence at Newtownards, and has not since returned to claim his lost property, finger included."

ORANGE DEMONSTRATION AND SECTARIAN RIOTS IN BELFAST.—A long-projected meeting of Protestants of all denominations came off on Wednesday last, week, in the Botanic Gardens, Belfast. The object of the meeting was "to give public expression to their sentiments in relation to the systematic partiality and injustice with which the laws have for some time past been administered in this kingdom in the rigorous enforcement of several enactments against Protestants, whilst undisguised violations of them by Roman Catholics are suffered with impunity; and to insist that even-handed justice shall be administered to all classes of her Majesty's subjects." During the day 8000 to 10,000 persons arrived in the town by the Ulster Railway alone. A body of 1500 persons walked in from Lisburn. The other railways also contributed from the districts within their range. A deputation attended from Scotland. The total number present was estimated at 70,000. The chair was occupied by Mr. S. G. Getty, M.P. Speeches were delivered by the Rev. Dr. Cooke, Sir W. Verner, Bart., M.P., Mr. Peter Quinn, M.P., and other gentlemen. The following resolutions were moved and passed unanimously:—"That the studied appointment of Roman Catholics to offices of trust and emolument in Ireland, to the almost entire exclusion of Protestants, wherever such a course has been possible, has operated very oppressively and harshly upon a large and loyal section of the population, possessing the great bulk of the property and a large share of the intellect of the country, and deserves our strongest reprobation. That we hail with great satisfaction and earnest thankfulness to Almighty God the existence of an increased desire in these kingdoms to promote united Protestant action for the maintenance of the doctrines of the Reformation and the rights and liberties secured to us at the Revolution, and trust that all true Protestants, overlooking minor differences, will heartily unite to further these great and glorious objects. That the spirit of these resolutions be embodied in a petition to her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, and also to the Houses of Lords and Commons, and that a committee be appointed to carry the same into effect." A draught petition embodying these views was then read and adopted, after which the meeting ended with prayer. On Thursday night (the day after the demonstration) there were very serious disturbances in Belfast in consequence of Wednesday's proceedings. The Catholic and Orange mobs met on the old battle-field, Barrack-street, Pound-street, &c., and in spite of the numerous patrols which the magistrates, anticipating a disturbance, had sent round from an early hour in the evening, commenced throwing volleys of stones and missiles of different kinds at each other. Between seven and eight o'clock in the evening the Riot Act was read by the Mayor, and the mobs dispersed into small groups; but afterwards, on the news of the conflict spreading through the town, thousands of new bands proceeded to reinforce each party. The renewal of hostilities, however, was prevented by cordons of constabulary drawn up with fixed bayonets in several of the streets, and the prompt arrest of every stone-thrower. The windows of the Rev. Hugh Hanna's meeting-house were broken. In another part of the town, Wesley-street, and Albion-street, off Great Victoria-street, a detachment of the Orange rabble wrecked the houses of two Catholics, smashing the glass, and even the sash-frame of the windows with bricks and stones. Up to a late hour in the night the military and police, numbering 700 and 600 respectively, occupied the streets to put down the disgraceful riots, and the soldiers were still in the street at one o'clock. In addition to the damage done to the property of which the above are specimens, a great number of people were injured. The disturbances were renewed on Friday. An attack was made upon the Catholic Church of St. Malachi, but this was frustrated by the vigilance of the police; the mob then proceeded to the office of the *Northern Whig* newspaper, upon which they made an attack, and thence to the private house of the editor, Mr. Finlay, the windows of which they demolished. In the meantime the Catholics had mustered, and proceeded to smash the windows of all persons who were known to be Protestants; a similar course being pursued by the Protestants upon Catholic residents—in both cases, apparently, irrespective of the character or conduct of the parties attacked. The rioting was again renewed on Saturday, and continued with most malignant and destructive energy on both sides, neither party caring much, seemingly, who suffered, provided they gratified their propensities. Occasional collisions between the two factions occurred, but, after pelting each other with bricks and mud, they separated, apparently taking more pleasure in damaging the persons and property of peaceable citizens than in encountering the fury of their more immediate antagonists. Large bodies of military and police have been ordered to the town to put a stop to these disgraceful proceedings, for which Belfast has now acquired an unenviable notoriety. The riots were again renewed this week, and, despite every effort made by the authorities to prevent it, much further damage to property was done.

SCOTLAND.

DEATH OF A SON OF "SOUTER JOHNNY."—Another of the links that connected the past with the present has been broken by the death, last week, of Mr. John Lanchlan, deacon of the Incorporation of Shoemakers, at Ayr, at the advanced age of eighty-five years. Deceased's father is generally believed to have been the original Souter Johnny immortalised by Burns in his "Tam o' Shanter." In his own person the deacon united many titles to respect, and by many in the town his loss will be greatly regretted.

THE ABUSE OF CRINOLINE.—At the Dundee Police Court on Saturday last ten young women, employed at Messrs. Keillor and Son's confectionery works, Meadowside, were accused of stealing various articles from their employers. The accused pleaded guilty, but the case was continued till Monday. It appears that the theft was discovered in the following manner:—One of the firm had reason to suspect that a system of pilfering had been going on for some time, and, suspecting the night shift, he came in on Saturday morning last, previous to their leaving, and ordered them into the wareroom to be searched. On entering the room it was observed that from under the crinoline of one of the girls dropped a pot of jam, of another a large piece of sugar, and of another some confectionery; and it is supposed that in this manner the whole of the articles, which are rather numerous, have been taken away. In consequence of this discovery the Messrs. Keillor have prohibited the use of crinoline in future within their workshops.

THE HON. S. LAING AT GLASGOW.—The Hon. S. Laing, late Indian Minister of Finance, was on Tuesday presented with an address by the Glasgow Chamber of Commerce, congratulating him on his return to this country, and complimenting him on the important services he has rendered to our Indian empire. Mr. Laing, in a lucid and comprehensive address, entered upon the question of cotton cultivation in India, and warmly defended the policy of his late chief, Lord Canning, as eminently sagacious and far-seeing.

THE PROVINCES.

A SHAM INVALID PAUPER—SUDDEN CURE.—A young woman, who had been bedridden seven years, and during that time had received 5s. a week from the parish of Guyzance, besides a great deal of private charity, was last week brought to the union workhouse, Alnwick. She demanded a nurse, butter and jelly at breakfast, and a pair of crutches; but on learning that Mr. Young, the master, had sent for the doctor, she suddenly rose, dressed, leaped over a stone wall four feet in height, and ran a quarter of a mile before she was captured.

SUICIDE THROUGH LOVE.—An inquest was held at Birmingham a few days since respecting the death of Harriet Elizabeth Gregory, who had poisoned herself on the 16th inst. A letter was found in the handwriting of deceased, to the following effect:—"Dear Mother, John Phillips is the cause of my death, and he has behaved in an improper manner to me. I felt I could not live any longer, so I've put an end to my unhappy"—here the letter finishes. Deceased had a peer as if she could not do her work, and seemed "moldered." John Phillips, whose testimony was given at his own option, said, "I am a photographer. About two months since the deceased stated to me that she would destroy herself. She laughed when she told me, and I didn't think there was anything in it. I have nothing to add to this statement." The Coroner here read the extract from the letter of the deceased to her mother, stating that John Phillips had behaved towards her in an improper manner, &c., but the witness doggedly declined to afford any explanation on that point. The jury found a verdict of "Suicide while labouring under insanity."

AN ADVENTUROUS LITTLE TRAVELLER.—An intelligent little orphan boy named John Alexander Bateman has just come into the hands of the Huntingdonshire police under the following singular circumstances:—He was born at New Zealand, but his mother died on her voyage to England, and his father when they arrived at Liverpool. Thus left an orphan, he was taken charge of by his grandmother, Mrs. Lucy, of Queen-street, in that town. On Tuesday he determined to go up to London to visit his aunt, and to see the exhibition. He accordingly started on foot, with neither money nor food, and actually traveled as far as Caxton, in Cambridgeshire, about thirty miles on his road. There, on Thursday week, he was compelled to apply to the Union authorities for food and shelter. They referred him to the police authorities, by whom he was detained and sent back to his grandmother.

STRIKE OF STONEMASONS IN MANCHESTER.—It will scarcely be believed by an intelligent community that, in the face of the existing distress, the stonemasons of Manchester and the adjoining borough are engaged in a strike. The cause of the quarrel is that Messrs. J. and R. Iberson have worked stone in Manchester and then sent it to Altrincham, instead of

working it at Altrincham, where it was required. The master masons allege that this course is in strict accordance with the working rules agreed to by the employers and employed of Manchester and Salford. Efforts to arrange the dispute by arbitration have been fruitless, and accordingly the walls of the city were placarded with an announcement signed by twelve firms of master masons that their works will be closed until the dispute is settled. If the men maintain their position it is very likely that some of them will become chargeable upon the poor rates. They will be relieved grudgingly, for it is manifestly unjust that the rates should be chargeable with the maintenance of men wilfully out of work, and especially while the pressure is so great upon public and private charities to relieve the nobly-enduring operatives who are without work through no fault of their own.

TAKING IT LITERALLY.—A lady well known for her liberal support of the various local charities of Bath was called on a few days since by a poor woman who earnestly solicited a dispensary ticket. The lady, of course, inquired the nature of the ailment for which medical aid was required. The woman replied that "she didn't know—she felt very bad all over; but that Mr. —, the Scripture-reader, told her yesterday as how she had got a stone in her heart."

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF CHILD DESERTION.—CAUTION TO YOUNG LADIES.—A very singular case of child desertion has just taken place in connection with one of the cheap excursions to the metropolis from Bristol. One of these excursions returned from London on Saturday last, and among the passengers in one of the carriages was a young lady, residing in Bristol, and an able middle-aged woman, with a child about six or eight months old in her arms. The young lady spoke to "the baby," as a matter of course, and the female, who appeared to be the baby's mother, kindly desired her to take the "interesting little thing" in her arms—a request which was promptly acceded to; and shortly afterwards the train stopped, and mamma got out to have "some refreshment," leaving the child in charge of the young lady. She did not return, however, to the same compartment; but, when the train stopped at Swindon, she was seen stepping from another carriage, when, seeing she was recognised, she intimated that she would be with "her darling" in a minute. The train again started, and the young lady began to feel uneasy, but she still thought that the child's mother was in another part of the train. When the train arrived at Bristol the young lady came on to the platform with the baby in her arms, expecting to give it up to the rightful owner; but, after all the passengers had left, she found herself on the platform with only the baby and the railway porters, and the truth then became apparent that the unnatural mother had made her a present of the child. The young woman did not know exactly what to do in the somewhat awkward fix; but at length she took the child home with her, and there it still remains. The parish authorities and the police, it is said, refuse to have anything to do with it, and thus the little stranger is for the time enjoying all the luxuries of a comfortable home. Nothing whatever has since been heard of the mother, who has no doubt retired long since to the obscurity from which on this singular errand she had temporarily emerged.

THE DISTRESS IN LANCASHIRE.—Mr. Farnall's weekly report to the Manchester Central Relief Committee of the state of the distressed operatives in the twenty-four unions affected by the cotton famine shows that in them 149,612 persons are receiving parochial relief, while in eighteen of the districts 110,000 are relieved by local committees. This shows an increase of 107,588 persons receiving relief over the number in the corresponding week of last year, and of 4810 over the number of the previous week. The total weekly cost of out-door relief in the twenty-four districts is £8532.

THE ROUELL CASE.

CONFESSION OF THE PRISONER.—SENTENCE.

CONTRARY to previous arrangements, it was announced on Wednesday that Mr. Roupell, against whom there were two indictments for forgery—the one for forging his father's will and the other for forging a deed—would be brought up that morning for the purpose of pleading guilty and withdrawing the refusal to plead which he made on Monday when arraigned before the Recorder. The court was in consequence densely crowded.

On Mr. Justice Byles (with the Lord Mayor) entering the court and taking his seat on the bench,

Mr. Clark, addressing his Lordship, said there were two indictments against a person named William Roupell—the one of forging a will and the other of forging a deed. On Monday last the prisoner had refused to plead, and a plea of "Not guilty" was entered by the Court. He had, however, been informed that morning that the prisoner was now desirous of pleading "Guilty."

The learned Judge then directed the prisoner to be placed at the bar. The prisoner accordingly entered the dock, and in a very firm manner placed himself in front of it. Mr. Hemp, the Deputy Clerk of Arraigns, then called upon the prisoner, and asked him whether he was desirous of withdrawing his refusal to plead. The prisoner bowed an assent.

Mr. Hemp: Do you plead Guilty or Not guilty?

The prisoner, in a clear and firm voice, said "Guilty."

The learned Judge then ordered the prisoner to be called up for judgment. The prisoner then addressed the Court, and said:—My Lord, I trust for your unbiased opinion. I am desirous of saying a few words before you proceed to pass sentence. I have to regret any inconvenience I may have occasioned by my declining to plead; it was my desire to have prevented any inconvenience to the prosecution, but I did not expect to be brought here until this morning. My purpose has never swerved from the first when I resolved to surrender myself and to plead guilty. My Lord, my life has been one of fearful vicissitudes. In youth I suffered great privations. At the age of twenty-one I contracted my first debt with a friend with whom I was connected by the most intimate ties; my friends would not advance me the money to pay the debt, and my friend fell into grievous pecuniary difficulties, and I could not pay the debt I owed. It was then I risked my soul and took the first step in crime. Whatever I have done, the guilt is mine alone. True, I have to bear the brunt of it; but the guilt, I repeat, is mine alone. I cast no blame on any one—I allude to those professional gentlemen with whom I have had extensive transactions. There is no truth in the supposition that I endeavoured, under the influence of family instinct, to provide for the members of my family at the expense of others, without any regard to truth and justice. Such a supposition, my Lord, I submit, carries on the face of it its own refutation. My succeeding crimes were in consequence of the first. It is true that my father, just before he died, really expressed to me, in whom, after the great fraud I had committed, he reposed confidence—it is true that he expressed a desire that I should take all his property, and pay to the members of his family annuities such as he described to me. I was prevented by my first crime from carrying his wishes into legal effect, and at the time I felt justified, by forging the will of 1856, and adopting the will of 1850, in carrying out my father's last wishes as they were expressed to me. I say I thought then I was justified. I do not think so now. Ruin has been the result. I do not say how that ruin has been consummated. It would take too long to relate to you, my Lord, how I have been ruined. I have written at great length the story of my life whilst I have been in prison; but upon reflection I have been convinced that if published it would cause unnecessary pain to others and be of no public good. I have therefore, entirely at my own instance, suppressed it. I must content myself therefore by simply stating that the accounts which have been given to the public from the remarks of Mr. Serjeant Shee at Guildford, and from the comments of the minor newspapers, are calculated only to mislead the public. I am a living paradox, my Lord, and no one has a clue to the solution of it. I cannot hope that I shall ever be understood. It is not true, my Lord, that I am personally extravagant. I do not argue—I simply state the fact. It is not true that I have gambled. It is not true that I am a libertine. Those who do not wish to believe me will probably remain unconvinced. To those who love me my statement is unnecessary. I tried hard, my Lord, to bring about a compromise of these terrible events before I left England. I felt that my first duty was not to my family, but to those persons who had intrusted to me their money on reliance on my honour and the representations I had made. I confessed the whole of my guilt before I left England to gentlemen who had the means of making it known to all the persons interested in my mortgages. I remained in England more than a week—ten days—after that confession. I offered to surrender. I said, I confess my guilt. I had made no provision for myself, and intended to make none. I wished only to retrieve the past. I said to them, "What are you going to do?" I was answered, "We don't believe your statement. We think it is a cleverly concocted tale to provide for your family, and if the members of your family move one inch we will indict them, with you, for conspiracy." It was only then that I surrendered the hope of bringing about a compromise which would have confined the loss entirely to members of my own family. I quitted England in despair. I gained time for reflection, and, unpinched by want, full of youth and strength and the capacity of enjoying life, such as many parts of the world would have offered me, I have yet returned a self-convicted criminal, led by sincere repentance and a desire to serve the ends of justice. I know what I have to expect. A terrible fate awaits me,—terrible to any man of education and refinement—but if I possessed those qualities my guilt is only the greater. I know, my Lord, what I have to bear. I repeat, it is a dreadful fate, but I have looked it calmly in the face, and I deliberately prefer penal servitude for life to existence with continued disguise, concealment, and passive remorse. I make no appeal for mercy, my Lord. I only ask you to believe in my sincere repentance, and my only desire is that justice, complete justice, may be done. I appeal only to that still higher Tribunal for mercy—that Tribunal where alone an appeal for pardon can be fully made. My Lord, I await my sentence.

The address to the Court was made with the coolest self-possession. The speaker was dignified and earnest in his manner,—there was not the slightest quiver of the lip or the least sign of hesitation. Every sentence was well weighed, and the speech from beginning to end was a marvel from so young a man fallen from a high position to so terrible a state.

Mr. Justice Byles, who was deeply moved, said:—William Roupell, you have pleaded guilty to two charges of forgery—the forgery of a will and the forgery of a deed—two of the most serious crimes known to the law. From the dock at which you now stand many a poor wretch whose crimes, in comparison with your, were venial and insignificant has gone to the gallows. The humanity of the Legislature has removed from these crimes the last

penalty of the law. You have observed in the course of the remarks you have made that your whole life has been one serious and fearful mistake. I believe it. That mistake consisted, first, in the absence of that perfect rectitude of intention which is the only safe guide in human life. The man who deviates from it takes the first step in a delivility which leads to a precipice, and he soon finds that to stand still is impossible, that to retreat would be ruin, and to advance destruction. You say that your conduct at the last Assizes and your conduct to-day is the result of a sincere though late repentance. Whether you speak the truth or not there is none but One that knows, but there is One. The law has intrusted to Judges, and properly intrusted them, owing to the circumstances which diversify cases, the application of punishment. But in this case, which you must be aware, and you have properly stated that you are aware, it is impossible, with a view to the interests of the public, that any mercy should be extended to you. I have, therefore, to inform you that the sentence of the Court is that you be kept in penal servitude for the term of your natural life.

Mr. Roupell bowed to the Court and some of his friends and walked with the greatest composure from the dock.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

PILOT'S "NERO AFTER THE BURNING OF ROME."

CARL PILOT'S great picture of "Nero after the Burning of Rome," of which we print an Engraving on page 361, is remarkable, not only as one of the most effective pictures in the exhibition (albeit somewhat theatrical), but as, both by its scale for an oil painting and the comparatively free naturalistic treatment of the subject, one of the works which have been most efficient in developing new tendencies even at Munich. The picture has been familiarised to the public for some time by a fine photograph, and need hardly be described. Nero, swathed in fine white raiment and crowned with roses as if just risen from a debauch and his "fiddling," the flaccid, enervated limbs scarce supporting him, preceded by brutalised guards and attended by obsequious courtiers, stalks among the charred and smouldering ruins of the still burning city, the ruthless tyrant and voluptuary hardly deigning to look on the devastation which has afforded him a holiday. The ghastliness of the scene is intensified by the bodies lying about, especially two in the foreground, among the broken fragments of sculpture and tessellated, Christian martyrs, man and wife bound together. The subjoined lines, translated from the French of Victor Hugo by the late Mr. R. B. Brough, read so like a description of this great work that one can scarcely avoid the conviction either that the poem suggested the picture or that the picture suggested the poem:—

Come! you shall see Rome burn—Rome in her queenly power!

Lo! I have had my couch transported to this tower

Whence I can watch the flames and mark their angry strife.

What are the brows where men 'gainst tigers fret and foam?

The seven hills, to-day, a circus form where Rome

Shall fight with flames a fabled Fire for life.

Yes, 'tis a fitting scheme; of humankind the chief,

His languor must die!—must charm away his grief!

And thunder, like a God, should hurl their tribes among!

But come, the night sets in, the festive games commence!

The monster moves—his pinions dense,

Above the city, waves and darts his flaming tongue.

Look, look, my friends! amid the sulph'rous stench and choke,

Crawlingly he unwinds his endless coils of smoke,

Careering it would seem while blasting with his breath;

Crushed by his beaklike hug, see crumbling wall and tow'r—

Oh! that I too could kiss with kisses that devour,

Embrace with arms that crush to death!

List to those murmurs low—look at yon vapours grim,

Those figures 'mid the flames that fit like spectres dim!

That silence as of Death that wakes and dies again!

The brazen columns fall, the golden portals melt;

One stream of bronze, a glowing belt,

Binds down old Tiber's arms that quake with fear and pain!

Gold, Jasper, porphyry, all perish! Statues proud,

Spite of their sacred names, lie in the ashes cowed!

The loyal scourge speeds on at Nero's fell desire.

All that oppose his course, he vanquishes, destroys,

While the brave North Wind the novel sport enjoys

Of lashing waves in seas of fire.

A blazing town at night is something fair to see!

Th' Athenian youth himself might well have envied me.

What are a people's woes with my diversions weighed?

They fly: on every hand, the flames pursue them now—

—Boy, take the wreath from off my brow,

The heat of burning Rome may cause its flowers to fade.

My friends, if splashing blood your festal robes should reach,

With Cretan wine wash out its traces, I beseech:

The sight of blood is vile, save to the eyes of brutes;

Let us a cruel sport with joys sublime disguise.

Woe to the wretch who loves to hear his victim's cries!

They should be hushed with songs and lutes.

Yes; I have punished Rome, avenged myself on her!

Hath she not doted in turns for worship to prefer,

Now Jupiter, and now that Christ, whose name I hate?

Let her in terror learn I too claim rank divine,

And bow in dread to Nero's shrine.

Since that she still lacks Gods her worshippers' greed to sate.

I have destroyed fair Rome, to found her fairer still.

Oh! may her fall at least the Cross rebellions kill!

Hence with these Christian Dogs, and be their fall complete

Let Rome her woes on them visit with pains severe,

Exterminate the race!—Slave! bring more roses here!

There is no scent on earth so sweet.

DOULTON'S POTTERY-WHEEL AND BRICK-MAKING MACHINES.

NOT the least attractive article under the denomination of mechanical contrivances in operation is the pottery-wheel, exhibited by Mr. F. Doulton, M.P. for Lambeth, around which there is almost always a crowd of visitors collected. It is in the western annexe, and seems a very simple yet efficient piece of machinery. A boy keeps feeding the machine with clay in a soft and facile condition, while a man quietly continues to turn out, with marvellous rapidity and surprising neatness, a variety of the plainer and more simple descriptions of pottery ware, such as ink-bottles, mugs, jars, &c. Of course this machine is only used for shaping the articles produced, hardening and colouring must be done afterwards; but this latest contrivance in connection with one of the earliest arts to which mankind devoted their attention is full of interest, and well deserves careful examination. To those who may not have had an opportunity of visiting the exhibition, or who may have omitted to observe the potter's art as practised in the western annexe, our Engraving of Mr. Doulton's wheel will convey a pleasing and agreeable idea of the operation.

In connection with this subject we may append the following particulars regarding machines used in a cognate branch of industry, that of brickmaking. For this purpose there are several machines exhibited, all of which show that a very great change indeed has taken place in this process since the "Babel bricks" seen in our museums were fabricated on Shinar's plain, and even since that later but still remote epoch when the Egyptian taskmasters demanded from the captive Israelites the full tale of bricks without allowing the straw then necessary for their production. One brickmaking machine exhibited by Messrs. Bradley and Craven will make from 15,000 to 20,000 bricks per day; and in another, shown by Wilson, Glasgow, the dry pulverised clay is conveyed through a chamber filled with steam, and being thus partially softened requires but a moderate pressure, and the bricks thus formed have, it is said, no tendency to fly to pieces in the kiln. Effertz, of Manchester, also shows a model of a machine calculated to make 75,000 bricks per day.

Any material capable of being manufactured into brick can be delivered to Bradley and Craven's machine in the state of dryness it leaves the earth, which, without the addition of any water, produces a superior pressed brick (with many clays) ready for immediate delivery to the kilns for burning. This is the case with several machines working the gault clay in Kent, which comes from the earth so dry that when made by the machine the bricks are immediately wheeled into the kilns. The clay, on being dug from the earth, is delivered to the machine, which grinds and works it into a close, dense, well-amalgamated mass, and fills it into the moulds with great solidity.

The action of the machine is as follows:—One pair of the "moulds" (of which there are twelve in the face of the rotating table) receive the charge of clay at a time from the mill. During the moment that

this operation is going on the table is stationary, and two other moulds that have been previously filled are being subjected to considerable pressure by pistons on the opposite side of the table to the mill, and two finished bricks that have been discharged by an inclined plane from the moulds are delivered on to a creeper band by the action of the machine, for removal to the kilns or sheds, perfectly pressed face bricks. Thus the only labour required is to supply the crude, fresh-dug clay to the mill, when the machine prepares, manufactures, and also delivers the bricks to the kiln men for burning.

This machine, as we have said, makes from 15,000 to 20,000 per day. Three of them are working at this rate for the Aylesford Pottery Company, near Maidstone; and others in this neighbourhood, as well as in different parts of the country, are giving general satisfaction. To save any risk or disappointment to purchasers, the patentees invite manufacturers to test their own clays in the machines previous to incurring any outlay, and they give every facility for doing so, the only charge being for carriage or freight of clay when repayment has not been made. The importance of such trials will be appreciated by practical men. This machine is on the same principle as their well-known dry-clay machine, but is not so large nor so powerful.

The result of extensive practical experience, gained in working these machines in all kinds of earth, fully proves the great superiority of forming the clay in moulds over forcing it through dies and cutting it with a wire. The advantage lies in the greater truth in the form of the bricks, and also in making them without any water. A still more important advantage is, that the manufacturer is enabled to work any kind of clay, from sandy brick earth to the strongest clays, mixed with breeze, or ashes and sand, to reduce it, neither of which could be worked satisfactorily with a die or cut smooth with a wire. Furthermore, it enables the manufacture to be carried on through all seasons of the year.

GROUND PLAN OF THE EXHIBITION BUILDING.

Of the ground plan of the exhibition building, which we this week publish, it is unnecessary to speak: it explains itself. In this plan we have included the Horticultural Society's Gardens, which are now more than ever interesting and attractive from the constantly-increasing perfection of their floral contents, as well as from the fact that visitors to the exhibition can now inspect the gardens and return to the exhibition itself without repayment—an advantage of which the visitors have not been slow to avail themselves.

ADMISSIONS AND FINANCIAL PROSPECTS.

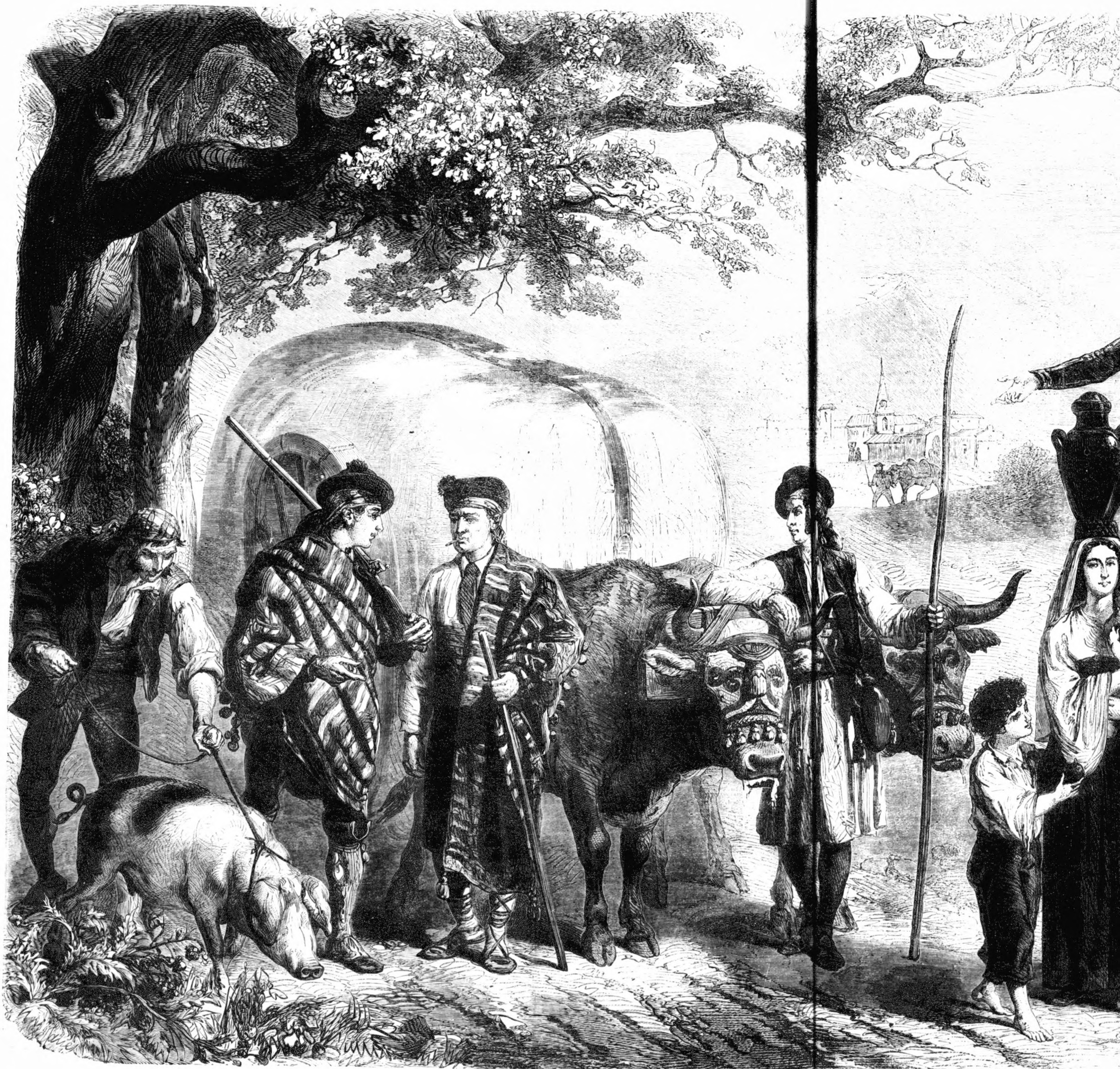
THE admissions at South Kensington up to last Saturday have been—by season tickets, 783,592; by payment, 8,686,252; total, 4,469,844. For the same length of time in 1851 the returns were—by season tickets, 704,882; by payment, 4,232,721; total, 4,937,603. In estimating these returns, which extend over 183 days in either year, we have given the benefit of sundry doubtful figures to the present undertaking. Thus, for example, we are daily in the habit of publishing the number of admissions by payment and by season-ticket; but we are bound to caution our readers against too implicit a reliance on the figures, which we give as we have received them. Doubtless, a correct account will, at the close of the exhibition, be rendered by the able financial officer; but, in the meantime, the returns which reach us from day to day are inaccurate as regards the most important item—the payments. It is observable that persons who leave the building for the Horticultural Gardens, and who return by check-tickets, re-enter through the pay-turnstiles. It is impossible that their number can be separated from the total of payments in time for the statement supplied to us the same evening. We may, therefore, reasonably deduct about ten thousand from every week's payments, since the new regulation by which visitors are readmitted to the building after having entered the gardens.

As the term of the exhibition is now settled, and the guarantors know how long a period of incomings will be set against their liability it may not be considered inopportune to take a glance at financial affairs. After some haggling, the contractors for the building, Messrs. Kelk and Lucas, have agreed to take a part only, instead of the entire bulk, of profits which will accrue from the additional season. The guarantee deed is signed for about £452,000, but the actual liability of the guarantors is limited to £250,000, so that for every pound of security there are nearly two signatures. The gross outlay for 1862 was originally estimated at £675,000, including the full payment of Messrs. Kelk and Lucas's claim and the purchase of their hideous building. Making due allowance for the abatements which have been effected, we may roughly calculate that the guarantors will be called upon to fill up a chasm of about £20,000, and we shall heartily congratulate them if it is no more. The net receipts in 1851 were £506,100; the cost of the building and all its fittings reached only £170,000; and the total expenditure of the great Hyde Park Exhibition was but £292,794, including the sum we have just named. If the nation be ever brought to entertain the idea of another industrial gathering in its metropolis, it will be by the adduction of the example of 1851, its well-considered probabilities, its modest estimate of receipts, and its handsome surplus, rather than that of 1862, its wildly-projected plans, its bold assumptions of enormous profits, its notorious jobbery, its ridiculous offences against art and taste, and its deficit.

EXTRAORDINARY METEOR.—A remarkable meteor was observed from several places in London on Friday evening. A gentleman walking along London-wall at 10.12 saw it as "a brilliant stream of light something like the tail of a large rocket. It appeared to me to be a little to the north of the zenith, rectilinear in direction, and moving to the north-east. Its length seemed considerably greater than the seven stars of Charles's Wain, and a luminous track existed for many seconds. It appeared quite in the sky. I afterwards questioned an omnibus driver who at that time was coming westward on the Bow-road, two miles distant from the spot where I was situated, and he told me he was quite frightened by it—having been ten years on the road and never previously seen any such sight. He said that it was 'quite sky high,' but lighted up the road entirely, and that it seemed to curve over the road northwards, a little in front of him." Mr. Slater, F.R.A.S., observed it from the Euston-road at 10.13:—"Its position at the commencement, as taken by my large refractor, was 2h. 30m. right ascension, and the place where it gradually vanished was about 7h. 50m. right ascension, the declination 48 deg. 20 min. north. The train at the spot where it disappeared was distinctly visible for eleven minutes, and when examined through the telescope very much resembled the cluster of stars in Lyra. This remarkable meteor burst about midway in the path stated, leaving a long cometary train of scintillating points. The northern head, if I may use the expression, was a brilliant red, and gave out numerous coloured sparks; the other extremity was decidedly blue." The meteor was also seen at Kensington, where it suddenly illumined trees and houses with a blue fairylike brilliancy.

THE DISEASE AMONG SHEEP.—Some more orders in council have been issued on the subject of disease in sheep. Bristol, Liverpool, Birkenhead, and Holyhead, are places named in the order, whence sheep or lambs infected with small-pox are not to be removed, and a great many more parishes and places in Wilt and Berks are also mentioned as falling under the same disability. We are sorry to be obliged to infer from these orders that the disease is supposed by the Government agents to be spreading, which, in fact, is the case, notwithstanding that every precaution is taken to keep the infected sheep apart from the sound ones, but difficulty arises in knowing when the animals are infected, as there are many cases where the disease does not assume a virulent form, though it is equally contagious as in the worst cases. The veterinary surgeons employed are indefatigable in their examination of the different flocks. In anticipation of the further spread of the disorder in the sheep flocks, the farmers of South Wales have in contemplation to form an association for mutual protection and insurance. The project was mooted at Warminster market on Saturday and was favourably received. An association of the kind has been formed at Devizes, and is well supported.

DISTRESS IN THE PRINTING PROFESSION.—At a special delegate meeting of the London Society of Compositors, held in Farringdon Hall, Snow-hill, last week, called in compliance with a requisition from members out of employment, the following proposition was placed before the delegates:—"That in the present depressed state of the trade, and in the prospect of a lengthened continuance of the depression, it is expedient to grant pecuniary assistance to the unemployed members, in such an amount and under such regulations as the unemployed shall determine." After some discussion, it was resolved that a grant from the society's funds of 10s. a week, to be continued for one month, should be given to each member of the society out of work. It is calculated that there are between two and three hundred compositors in London entirely idle at the present time, a large number of whom have earned little or nothing for the last two or three months. There are also many engaged in printing-offices who are only partially employed.



PEASANTS OF OSSUNA ON THEIR WAY TO THE FAIR OF RONDA, ANDALUSIA.

SPANISH PEASANTS.

Our Engraving represents one of those scenes in Spanish life which exhibits the people in their unchanged peculiarities. Amongst the peasant class in Spain the traveller will discover so little change that he may easily imagine himself carried back personally into the age of Don Quixote or of Gil Blas. In Andalusia, that wonderful old

quarter of Spain, the very scenery, wooded with immense oaks, retains its ancient character. The town of Ronda, situated in the valley of the sierra of the same name, is one of the old mysterious places for which Andalusia is famous. Situated about sixty miles south-east of Seville, on a rugged height above the Guadalequivir, it is accessible only on one side, where it is defended by a castle,

originally belonging to the Moors. The town consists of an older portion, made up of queer, narrow, winding streets, and a more modern portion, which is much better built. There are several highly interesting Moorish remains, the most singular of which is a flight of 365 steps leading down from the garden of a Moorish palace to the river; there are also a college and a townhall. Ronda

possesses some trade, its manufactures consisting of woollen and linen goods, hats, feathers, firearms, and guitar strings; there is also a somewhat extensive business in fruit. To the fair at Ronda the surrounding peasantry repair with their merchandise. The party represented in our Engraving are proceeding from Ossuna, a town forty-two miles east of Seville, famous for its exportation of agricultural produce.



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The route, or rather the regular beaten track, winds upon the hill-sides, sometimes crossing the crests of the heights through a charming succession of scenery, both of hill and dale. Broken and arid hills are succeeded by rocks of a more volcanic character, and it is sometimes difficult to urge the heavily-burdened oxen over the heavy roads. On reaching the plain towards the end of the journey in

approaching Ronda, the scene is particularly exciting: caravans of merchandise, troops of mules, all sorts of conveyances, flocks of sheep, groups of pigs, approach from every direction to the meeting-place. Sometimes the leaders of a party are mounted on horseback, armed, and dressed in the full Spanish costume; frequently a pig-driver will wear over his head and shading his face a white handker-

chief, which gives him a Moorish appearance. Some of the mules are bearing bales of all sorts of merchandise, which is so ingeniously built round the animals that nothing but their tufted heads can be discovered as they move under their burdens.

Amongst the attractions of the fair at Ronda there is a bull-fight, which inaugurates the proceedings, and, mingled with the rest, the picturesque costumes of the tereadors give additional animation to the scene, which is one of wonderful animation and no little confusion, since the entire plain echoes with the cries peculiar to each party as it approaches the termination of the journey.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1862.

AN IRISH RIOT.

It is so long since anything really deserving the name of a riot has occurred in the British Isles that the announcement of such a fact awakens no small amount of interest. One naturally wishes to know how it arose, who provoked it, who took share in it, what were its objects, and what its results. It becomes desirable to inspect it, to look at it from divers points of view, as archaeologically, physiologically, politically, and morally.

Under all these aspects a riot, at a distance, may be regarded with some small philosophical gratification. Looked upon domestically, when a crowd of strange blackguards are smashing one's own windows, impelled thereto by strong liquor, general dereliction of conduct, and the individual cowardice which finds sham courage in company, it becomes perhaps a different matter.

There has been a great uproar at Belfast, destitute alike of cause and meaning. It appears that a number of feeble-minded persons calling themselves "Orangemen" thought fit to get up what is called a "demonstration," which means merely a public exhibition of themselves in the streets. The term "demonstration," in its modern acceptation, is generally suggestive of a parcel of vain or weak persons exposing themselves to ridicule. We never hear of a "demonstration" of people wiser than others. A demonstration of statesmen, editors, divines, and philosophers generally would be an impossibility; whereas "demonstrations" of teetotallers, Foresters, charity-school teachers, and children are common enough. The demonstration of Orangemen of which we have spoken took place at Belfast, and as might have been, and probably was, anticipated, gave rise to an uproar. The whole gist of the affair seems to have been that the Orange procession provoked a Roman Catholic mob, and that neither cared so much to fight the other as to break the public peace generally and to smash in the windows of the rational section of the public. Then the "constabulary," which in Ireland means not policemen with truncheons, but drilled gendarmes with rifles and bayonets, arrived on the scene, and displayed as much repugnance towards interference as the Lord Mayor's men in armour might do towards two infants of six cuffing each other or pelting a cat. It does certainly seem cruel to fire upon a pack of ignorant fellows for breaking windows or for throwing brickbats at others no wiser than themselves. A few London policemen, moving not in columns "fours deep," but dispersed in sections, armed with truncheons instead of lethal weapons, would probably have sent the enemies of the public peace to the right about in a few minutes.

As it happened, however, the rioters, although representing two opposite factions in religious opinion, appeared to agree mightily in the main point—namely, that their mission was mischief. The Orangemen, followers of Hanna, smashed a grocer's shop window and broke his castor-oil bottles and subjected him and an old woman, his mother, to a narrow escape from serious injury. On the other hand, the Catholics attacked the Presbyterian meeting-house, and, by way of showing impartiality, the mob generally destroyed the windows and furniture of the office of a Liberal journal, professing no bigotry one way or the other, and of the Royal Hotel, which might be supposed to be inhabited by inmates of various shades of opinion. Test there should be any doubt as to the motives of the mobs, they soon gave over attacking each other, and each, avoiding the police, set off on window-breaking expeditions, without regard to the religious opinions of the sufferers.

So, this is Ireland in 1862. She has been improved to this point. One occasional outbreak of mischief in a dozen years or so—of mischief wanton, egregious, and contemptible. So that, after all, Ireland is only a few years, say a quarter of a century or so, behind England in civilisation. We have known just such foolish, ignorant riots even up to 1830, the year of the Reform Bill. We have known such attempted so late as 1848—the Haynau chase and the famous Hyde Park disturbances. Each of these has been milder, and exhibited more of the element of fun than its predecessor. This Belfast "row" does not show much humour, and perhaps displays a little more wantonness than we have been accustomed to see since the last century. But the illogicality of the affair, were it not thoroughly explicable, would be charming by its simplicity. Perhaps on the whole face of the earth no mob but an Irish one would conceive the idea of propagating correct religious ideas, or obstructing the spread of heresy, by breaking a grocer's window with a lump of brick. But in Belfast, A.D. 1862, this course is regarded as specific.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

IT IS STATED to be Her Majesty's intention to carry on the model farm at Frogmore which was built under the direction of the late Prince Consort, and to give up the Royal farms at Bagshot, and also the Flemish and Norfolk farms in Windsor Great Park.

THE KING OF DENMARK is now staying at Falkenberg. His Majesty is accompanied by Countess Danner, the Minister of War, the Minister for Schleswig, and several British, Russian, French, and Swedish military officers. His Majesty intends to visit forthwith all the fortifications in South Schleswig as far as Friedrichstadt.

THE TWO FRENCH PRINCES, the Count de Paris and the Duke de Chartres, have just paid a brief visit to the King of the Belgians.

THE POPE has made a magnificent present to his goddaughter, the Princess Pia, on her betrothal to the King of Portugal.

EARL RUSSELL and suite arrived at Dover from Ostend on Sunday from attending her Majesty in Germany.

THE SUBSCRIPTION FOR A MONUMENT to the late Count Cavour now amounts to 374,633*fr.*

M. PROUDHON, who has arrived in Paris from Brussels, is said to be seriously indisposed.

THE ACCLIMATISATION SOCIETY OF TASMANIA have succeeded in introducing lobsters into the colony.

OFFICIAL NOTICE has been published that the Legislative Chambers of Denmark have been convoked to meet at Copenhagen on the 4th of October next.

BOTH IN DEMERARA AND ANTIGUA the question of introducing black and coloured labourers from the United States is seriously under consideration.

A ROMAN JOURNAL states that something like an incipient volcano has made its appearance near the Civita Vecchia Railway, about two leagues from Rome.

M. VERDI, the celebrated composer, has left Paris for St. Petersburg, to superintend the arrangements for his new opera, "La Forza del Destino."

A LETTER has been received by the Manchester District Provident Society enclosing a donation of £100, from the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz—Princess Augusta of Cambridge and first cousin of the Queen.

THE DRAMA OF "LES MISÉRABLES," which was to have been produced this winter, from M. Victor Hugo's work of that name, has been definitely interdicted.

THE NEWCASTLE MONUMENT TO GEORGE STEPHENSON, the great engineer, is completed, and will be shortly inaugurated by Lord Ravensworth.

A GERMAN WEEKLY JOURNAL has been started at Sydney, New South Wales. It is entitled *Der Heimathbote* (The Home News).

DAMAGE TO the extent of £2000 was done on Monday night by a fire on the premises of Mr. Avins, timber-merchant, Broad-street, Birmingham.

SEVERAL PERSONS were brought before the Sunderland magistrates on Monday and fined for neglecting to have their children vaccinated.

THE LEGISLATURE OF VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA, have voted an annuity of £120 a year to the mother of Mr. Wills, who lost his life in the late exploring expedition across the continent, besides £500 each to his sisters.

ANOTHER DESTRUCTIVE FIRE has occurred in Liverpool, by which some oil-mills have been burned down, the destruction of property being very large. Happily no lives were lost.

THE NORTH GERMAN LLOYD'S COMPANY are about to place another steamer on the line between Bremen, Southampton, and New York.

IT IS SAID that parties are beginning to lose confidence in the possibility of prepared jute being applied to the same purposes as cotton, and the result is that a great fall has taken place in the raw material.

GREAT BRITAIN loses a regiment every year in and about the coalmines. The deaths from accidents were 1123 in 1857, 930 in 1858, 914 in 1859, 1109 in 1860, and now the return for 1861 is 943. The average for the five years is just over 1000.

A NEW JOURNAL is about to be published at Nice under the title of *France Meridionale*. MM. Alexandre Dumas, Méry, and Alphonse Karr will be among its contributors.

THE ADELAIDE LEGISLATURE have agreed to a series of resolutions affirming the principle that one uniform tariff should prevail throughout the whole of the Australian colonies, and that a conference of delegates be held on the subject.

THE TOWN OF BRODY, in the palatinate of Lemberg (Galicia), has just been the scene of an immense conflagration, in which 114 houses were destroyed. The inhabitants are in a state of great excitement, attributing the disaster to incendiarism.

PRINCESS MARIA PIA has delivered to her brother Prince Humbert, president of the Italian National Rifle Society, a splendid banner for that body, on which she has worked with her own hands, as a keepsake, on the occasion of her leaving Italy.

THE NUMBER OF VISITORS TO OSTEND this season seems likely to exceed that of the exceptional year 1857. On Oct. 1 of that year the number attained was 15,000; in the present year at the present time 14,643 have been inscribed.

ACCOUNTS FROM BIARRITZ state that the weather has been very unfavourable there for the last few days. The Emperor and Empress, however, are out every day in the open air, and both take walking exercise in spite of wind and rain.

MUNICH is about to possess a zoological and scientific garden, which will be founded and maintained at the expense of the State. The menagerie of M. Kreuzberg, one of the most complete in existence, is at this moment in that city, and negotiations are going on for its purchase as a foundation for the new institution.

MR. BALFE is for the moment in Paris. His celebrated opera of "The Bohemian Girl," which has been given all the season in Rouen with immense applause, is in preparation at the new Lyrique Theatre. It seems strange that this work, a standing favourite in Germany for years past, should still be unknown in Paris.

A MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION has been formed in Trinidad for the purpose of bringing Hindoo Christian teachers from India to act as interpreters, catechists, teachers of schools, and assistants to the clergy in evangelising the coolie immigrants.

A PARTY OF FIFTEEN NEW ZEALANDERS, described as "Maori warriors," arrived in Sydney by the *Gazelle* on the 27th ultimo. They are brought up from Auckland in the interest of a gentleman who purposes introducing them to the Australian public in a series of dramatic entertainments illustrative of the Anglo-Maori war.

A SINGULAR CASE OF SOMNAMBULISM has just taken place at Angoulême. A labouring man, while on a visit to a friend, got up from his bed, and, opening the window, fell into the street, from a height of about 15ft., without awaking. He then walked through the town, and did not awake until he had arrived at the barrier, where he was surprised to find himself alone in his nightdress.

A SERIOUS ACCIDENT occurred a few days since in the tunnel now being cut through Mount Cenis. A number of masons at work on a scaffold, making an arch to support the roof of the tunnel, were precipitated to the ground by the fall of about sixty cubic metres of earth and stone. One of them was seriously hurt, and three others were buried under the rubbish, and little hope remains of extricating them alive.

THE AUSTRIAN LADIES have resolved to give crinolines a dead cut—at least the very elite of them have. At Ischl, where they congregate during the autumn, any lady infringing against this fiat will have to feel the weight of the displeasure of the Austrian ladies. They have gone a step further than their Ischl proclamation, and intimated to the managers of the Vienna theatres that they will not patronise the house where the actresses wear crinolines.

SOME IMPORTANT EXPERIMENTS have been lately made at Portsmouth with a gun fired from beneath the water; and it has been clearly proved that at a distance of thirty feet a shot can be sent through a substance equal to the two sides of the Warrior's bottom. Our "reconstructed" Navy promises to be more expensive to the public than was bargained for.

ON MONDAY a portion of the tunnel which has been made through the Malvern Hills for the Worcester and Hereford Railway fell in. The accident occurred while workmen were engaged in mending the masonry; but happily no one was hurt, and measures have been taken to prevent trains from running through the tunnel till it has been cleared out and thoroughly repaired.

THE MUNICIPALITY OF FLORENCE has intrusted its gonfaloniere, Marquis Ferdinando Bartolommei, with a mission to Princess Pia, for the purpose of presenting to her, on the occasion of her marriage, a cup of agate, partly encircled with a dragon of gold, set with diamonds for its eyes, and otherwise adorned with enamels and beautiful carvings, executed by M. Luigi Benvenuti, in the style of Benvenuto Cellini.

THE WHITE POPULATION OF NEW ZEALAND is, according to the census just completed, 109,209 souls. The number of half-castes is 1128; the number of horses, 28,265; horned cattle, 193,134; sheep, 2,760,163; acres under crop, 226,478. The number of letters which passed through the New Zealand post-offices last year was 1,236,768, and the number of newspapers 1,400,000. The postal revenue last year amounted to £14,108.

THE EARL OF ELLESMERE died suddenly at Balbirnie, Fifeshire, on Friday week, in his fortieth year. The Earl's last public act was giving £1000 to relieve the distress in Lancashire in connection with the meeting of noblemen and gentlemen presided over by Lord Derby at Bridgewater House a few weeks ago.

A TELEGRAM FROM MUNICH announces that the Bavarian Government has decided on adhering to its refusal to accede to the treaty concluded between France and Prussia; and that it has dispatched its reply to Prussia, stating the reasons for its decision.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

LAST week I announced that Mr. Disraeli would shortly send forth a manifesto to his followers and the world. Scarcely was the ink dry upon my paper when a report of a speech of his, delivered to the North-west Buckinghamshire Agricultural Association, appeared in the papers. This, however, is clearly not the manifesto which, on good information, I had been led to expect. Indeed, in this speech there is little of a political character. The first part is a defence of the practice of giving prizes to agricultural labourers for long service, keeping out of the workhouse, &c. The *Times* has of late, as it has often done before, been thundering against this prize system, and Disraeli chivalrously throws his shield over it. He there notices that the North-west Association does not offer prizes for cottage gardens. This he kindly offers to do himself in future. From cottage gardens he naturally travels to cottage improvement, congratulates his hearers on the vast strides which have lately been taken in this direction, and makes the remarkable announcement that in South Buckinghamshire a thatched cottage cannot now be found, a most gratifying fact indeed, if it be a fact. North Buckinghamshire, he confesses, is not so happily circumstanced, but he has no doubt that even there great benefit has followed the example set by the Duke of Bedford in a neighbouring county. On this subject, however, the Conservative leader is, surely, rather too sanguine. My impression is that little or no improvement has taken place in South Bucks. Wretched cottages are still there the rule—cottages which are fitter for pigs than human beings.

But the most remarkable part of Disraeli's speech was the conclusion. Here he touches upon the great American question. He acknowledges that the Americans "have increased our confidence in the energy of human nature," "and that," he says, "is a great exploit to have performed." But something is evidently wanting in America—viz., "reverence." In England we have energy, and freedom, and reverence combined. This has been the source of our strength. Well, it is impossible to quarrel with this general proposition; and perhaps the Conservative leader is right in its application. The sentiment is, however, though true, not new. "One thing," says Goethe in his "Wilhelm Meister," "there is, however, which no child brings into the world with him; and yet it is on this one thing that all depends for making a man in every point a man; and then he goes on to tell us that this one thing is "reverence." Disraeli, it is well known, has studied the works of the great German poet-philosopher, and he probably had this very passage in his mind when he spoke at Buckingham.

The Sir William Verner who figures at Orange demonstrations in Ireland is an old soldier, was at Waterloo, and was twice wounded there. He has always been a violent Orangeman. He was once Deputy Grand Master of an Orange society. By-the-by, Armagh, which county Sir William represents, and in which he lives, was the birthplace of Orange lodges. The first of these pestilent institutions was formed there in commemoration of a battle fought in the county in 1795, called the battle of the Diamond. So violent a partisan was Sir William in 1835 that he had to be struck out of the commission by the Marquis of Normanby. But bray a certain kind of person with a pestle in a mortar and we know what is the result. Sir William has not learned wisdom, and will never learn it now, for he is eighty years old. In the House of Commons the hon. Baronet seldom tries to speak. Last Session, however, he was on one occasion on his legs for an hour nearly; but what he said no one knew, as he is unable to speak loud enough to make himself heard three seats off. The subject, I believe, on which he discoursed was the Party Emblems Bill, which has been the proximate cause of the meeting at Belfast, with the disturbances consequent thereupon.

In the publishing world at the present moment everything betokens a dead calm. During the past few weeks one or two feeble novels have made their appearance; but Mudie fights shy, and the new Library Company have been compelled to make another call, so that those regular sources of demand, on which publishers have been accustomed to rely, being as it were closed to them of late, books are held back until a more propitious season. One "sensation" novel—which, although it failed to keep a certain rickety periodical afloat, and failed, moreover, to achieve the success anticipated from it for one of the cheapest of monthly magazines, is safe to go through its two or three editions in the three-volume form—I allude to "The Lady Audley's Secret," which is announced, I see, for the 1st. Mr. Shirley Brooks is understood to be giving the finishing touches to his new novel, for which the public have been looking for some time. Mr. Charles Reade has completed his story for *All the Year Round*—the story which is to take the place of Mr. Collins's "No Name;" and Mr. Collins is said to be far advanced with his *Cornhill* novel, which is to step into the shoes of "Romola." Never were there such good times as the present for novel-writers as a body. George Prince Regent James was thought to have been well paid; but he did not, even in his best days, command more than a percentage of the sums which are now freely given to writers of certainly vastly superior powers. When James was himself "a power" with the novel-reading public, a young and verdant publishing firm volunteered to take from him every work of fiction he might write at an agreed price for each three volumes. In the course of a few weeks manuscript for a couple of volumes was sent in. A week or two afterwards G. P. R. J. presented himself with the concluding volume, and walked off with a cheque for Novel No. 1. Two months subsequently copy for three more volumes arrived, with a note requesting a cheque to be sent to the author's address abroad for Novel No. 2. The bookselling firm looked glum, consulted together, and thought of writing to remonstrate; nevertheless, said cheque was duly sent, and for three months no more MS. from Mr. G. P. R. J. James darkened the door of the publishers' office. One day, however, in came the great novelist himself, bearing beneath his arm a bulky parcel. He tripped lightly into the counting-house, and the publishers smiled, as publishers are wont to do when one of their great authors honours them with a visit; but their smiles soon gave way to looks of horror when, on opening the parcel, manuscript for Novel No. 3 was brought to light. Summoning up courage, the principal of the firm mildly remarked, "Well, Mr. James, I suppose it will now be a long time before you bring us any more. Three 3-vol. novels in less than eight months is rather fast work." "Do you think so?" replies the novel-writer, "Oh! I shall have another ready for you before Christmas." "But how long," anxiously inquire the partners, "is this to last? As long as we live?" "O, no!" replies G. P. R. J., "as long as I live! and I am happy to say that I am quite young and hearty as yet." The denouement must be left to the reader's imagination. I believe, however, that the upshot of the affair was this—that the great novelist sent in Novel No. 4, according to promise, before Christmas, and that, after he had been paid for it, the firm consented to make him a present of the four works for which they had liberally remunerated him, and not one of which had been published, on condition that the agreement was cancelled. Who the lucky publishers were that stepped into Verdant and Co.'s shoes I do not remember.

A wonder! Mr. Beresford Hope's confession of faith at Stoke-upon-Trent will astonish not a little all who know anything of the honourable candidate's antecedents. He told the electors "that he should support Lord Palmerston's foreign policy, as he had always done." "He was in favour of allowing Italy to become a great and united kingdom." And, lastly, "He thought the trades of Bishop and King agreed ill together. A Pope strong in temporal power was now an impossibility, and the Pope would be all the stronger as a Bishop by being made entirely free from temporal authority." This is news indeed. Another revelation made by Mr. Hope is also curious. He says that he is a Liberal Conservative, and "that if he could have consented to drop either of these titles he might have been returned by the Reform or Carlton long ago." How greatly this gentleman has been misunderstood! He almost invariably voted with the Conservative party. He voted against the repeal of the Corn Laws—in favour of the Irish Arms Bill—in favour of the Derby-Disraeli Government in the last great struggle; and on all ecclesiastical subjects his speeches were considered to be so High Church that there could be but a step between him and Rome. And yet all the time, though too Conservative for the Reform Club, he was too Liberal for the Carlton. It is solemnly

thought that he is a member of the Carlton nevertheless. In 1859 Mr. Hope was candidate for the University of Cambridge against Mr. Selwyn, and there was at one time every prospect of a severe contest. But the Cambridge men were scandalised by the sight of two Conservatives fighting for the same seat, and persuaded the belligerents to submit their canvassing-books to Mr. Walpole, and to abide by his decision. Mr. Walpole decided against Mr. Hope. Now, was it because Mr. Hope was too Liberal or too Conservative that he failed to gain the support of the Cantabs? It was, I think, understood at the time that Mr. Selwyn was preferred because he was thought to be more moderate than Mr. Beresford Hope. The electors of Stoke-upon-Trent, in spite of Mr. Hope's budding liberalism, have not, however, returned him to represent them in Parliament.

THE MANCHESTER COTTON SUPPLY ASSOCIATION.

THE annual meeting of the Manchester Cotton Supply Association was held on Tuesday in the Townhall, Manchester—Mr. John Cheetham, president of the executive, occupying the chair. Among the gentlemen present were Messrs. Thos. Bazley, M.P.; H. Ashworth, E. Ashworth, H. Mason, M. Ross, W. Wanklyn, &c.

The Secretary having read a summary of the directors' report, the Chairman, after some introductory observations, said he saw no prospect of obtaining much cotton if the struggle in America continued. India was the place to which we must all look, but it was folly to expect that that country would for years to come send us a sufficient supply for our needs. Next year we might probably get a little more cotton from India; but we should not get much. In some districts a larger breadth of cotton was sown, but that breadth was not even so large as might have been expected. The only district, however, upon which he looked with any satisfaction was that of Darwhar. It was one of the four districts originally selected for the cultivation of cotton from American seed, and it was the only one that was successful. With regard to the extended cultivation of cotton in India, he rather recommended that attention should be paid to quality. Except as regarded the district of Darwhar, he saw nothing that could be done in India for the present; and, if peace were now restored in America, he much questioned whether we should receive more than three-fourths of the cotton that we had hitherto received from that country. They had been told that there were 6,000,000 of bales of cotton in India, which were treasured up there just because nobody would buy them. That was simply an invention, for, as the meeting knew, there were cotton agents who were in every part of the world ready to buy up all the cotton they could find. The reason the Indian cotton did not fetch a higher price in the market was that it was not worth more than was given for it. Three parties were interested in this matter. The consumer was one, the merchant in Bombay was another, and the British Government was the third. As to the last named, which said it was contrary to all the laws of political economy and free trade to give assistance in this matter of cotton, it actually gave help to the Irish flax-growers in Ireland and on the banks of the Indus, and to proprietors of the salmon fisheries. He did not say anything about the flax-growers; but he must say that he was not aware that the prosperity of the working classes of England was dependent upon large quantities of salmon. The scarcity only affected the owners of certain streams, and not the people of this country; yet Government had granted and paid a commission of inquiry into the scarcity and best mode of propagating salmon. And this Government, when Manchester asked them for assistance in the matter which sustained their operatives and the nation, snubbed them. Mr. Cheetham then alluded to Turkey in Europe and Turkey in Asia, both of which, he said, were able and willing to supply us with cotton of first-class quality. In the next twelve months he expected we should receive 60,000 sales of cotton from Turkey in Asia alone. After some other remarks, the chairman called upon

Mr. Thos. Bazley, M.P., who moved the adoption of the report. He said it was deeply to be deplored that after so many years of warning the cotton trade had depended for a supply of the raw material upon the Southern States of America. He also deeply regretted that at this moment the people who were dependent upon the raw material for their livelihood were subsisting upon the charity of the benevolent. Our neighbours and friends had done their duty; and in the administration of relief to those now deprived of employment every thing would be done that could be done and was necessary. In the International Exhibition it was shown that thirty-five places in different parts of the world could supply raw cotton, and surely, all these places being under the control of our own Government, we ought to have now five or six to depend upon. By this cotton dearth he believed there had been a gain of £20,000,000 sterling to speculators, while it had been a loss of £20,000,000 to the operatives and the spinners and manufacturers, or to labour and capital.

Mr. Edward Ashworth seconded the motion for the adoption of the report. The most prominent question for the distressed people of Lancashire and Cheshire to consider at this moment was as to the probable quantity of cotton America would be able to send us in future. Supposing the present difficulty over, he calculated the quantity for some years to come would only be three-fourths of what it had been. That meant 1,000,000 bales less. He recounted other pieces which might give us about 300,000 bales as a set-off, but that was all. They had been told by the London Indian Board that there was plenty of cotton in the interior waiting for exportation. When a spirited Manchester merchant was taunted by that assertion in London, he told the Indian Board that he would advance £250,000 to purchase the cotton if the Indian Board would send an agent with one of his to point out where the cotton was to be found. But what was the result? Why, when the merchant told them that if they did not point it out they should pay the expenses, but if they did he would pay them, the Indian Board backed out of the proposition.

The report was unanimously adopted.

NEW POLICE REGULATIONS FOR CAB AND OMNIBUS DRIVERS AND CONDUCTORS.—Lieutenant-Colonel Paschal, Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis, has given notice that in future a licence will not be granted to any applicant unless he can read and write, is clean in his dress and person, and civil in manner and language, or if he is less than twenty-one years of age, under five feet high, or not strong enough to remove the luggage of hithers. The applicant for licence will be required to produce testimonials of good conduct from two householders who have known him during the last three years, also a good character from his last employer; and, in the case of drivers, that he is competent to drive in the streets of London. Upon the special application of proprietors of small omnibuses plying only on a suburban route, licences may be granted to youths who are not less than fifteen years of age to act as conductors to such omnibuses.

AN HONEST CABMAN.—The following act of honesty on the part of a cabdriver may be mentioned, in order to show that they are not all so vile and dishonest as is generally represented:—A few days ago, Mr. George Lowe, residing at Finsbury-circus, rode a considerable distance in cab No. 245, the driver being Edwin Traglen, badge No. 13,306. On alighting in haste Mr. Lowe discharged the cab, but forgot his great coat, in the pocket of which was a note-case containing a large amount in Bank of England notes and cheques. The driver, on putting up on the rank, discovered the coat, and the address being in the book, immediately drove to Finsbury-circus and restored the property to the owner, who rewarded him with five sovereigns.

KERRY RIOT IN GRAY'S-INN-LANE.—A serious riot took place on Sunday night among the Irish labourers resident in the courts and alleys in and around Gray's-inn-lane. The Kerry men fought with the Tipperary men; and, on the police endeavouring to keep the peace, both parties turned ferociously upon them. Five constables were seriously injured, and so completely overpowered were they that almost every man of the rioters, for the time, escaped.

UNPUBLISHED LETTER BY THE LATE COUNT CAVOUR.—The following letter by Count Cavour, hitherto unpublished, has been brought into notice at Turin in consequence of the rumours, well or ill founded, of the intended dissolution of the Chamber, or of the close of the Parliamentary Session. The letter was written to a political friend in Tuscany:—"Turin, Oct. 2, 1860. My dear Friend, I thank you for your letter, but I cannot accept the advice which it conveys. To speak freely to you, I think it would be a fatal proposal to ask Parliament to grant full powers to the King, to be exercised till every Italian question has been brought to a complete solution. You must, doubtless, recollect how loudly the English journals reproached the Italians for having put in abeyance their constitutional franchises during the war of last year. To renew such a disposition now, in a period of apparent peace, would have the most fatal effect on public opinion in England, and on all the Liberals on the Continent. As to the interior of the State, such a measure would certainly not restore concord in the great National party. The best means of showing how far the country is from sharing Mazzini's views is to allow Parliament the freest exercise of its censure and control. The favourable vote which the Ministry may obtain from a great majority of the deputies will give them a moral authority far superior to any dictatorship. Your advice would precisely tend to give effect to Garibaldi's notion, for a great revolutionary dictatorship is what he aims at—a dictatorship to be wielded by the King, without the control of the press, without individual or Parliamentary securities. I hold, on the contrary, that it will not be the least title of glory for Italy to have said: she knew how to constitute herself into a nation without sacrificing free will to independence, without passing through the hands of a Cromwell, without falling into a revolutionary despotism. Now, this object can only be attained by seeking in the co-operation of Parliament the moral force which may be able to overcome the secret societies (*le crie*) and to secure the sympathies of liberal Europe. To go back to the constraints of public safety, or what would be tantamount to them, to the revolutionary dictatorship of one or more men, would be to kill that legal liberty which we wish to go hand in hand with national independence. Believe me, ever, &c., C. CAVOUR."

Literature.

Vancouver Island and British Columbia: Where they Are, What they Are, and What they May Become, &c. By ALEXANDER RATTRAY, M.D. Edin., R.N. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Dr. Rattray professes to give of Vancouver Island and British Columbia "A Sketch of their History, Topography, Climate, Resources, Capabilities, and Advantages, especially as Colonies for Settlement." At first sight this appears a tolerably broad field of information, but on closer inspection it narrows into a respectable average, for the mass of descriptive words soon begins to display at least a family likeness. Indeed, of so comprehensive a work we are astonished to find, so early as page 3, that "our" unhappily imperfect knowledge of the greater part of Vancouver Island necessarily renders any inquiry respecting it both incomplete and unsatisfactory, that a large portion of it remains to be explored, and that knowledge of the island is limited to a comparatively small portion of the southern extremity. Of its geology, its arable land, the nature of its fisheries awaiting development, and even the character and value of its harbours, but little account can be given; whilst "our" acquaintance with the parts settled and cultivated is very deficient; but yet it is pleasant at once to admit that, although Dr. Rattray has built up a heavy book, and carted in many chapters of no possible use to the intending emigrant, for whom works like the present are evidently intended, his performance by no means carries out the sterile promises of his early page. If he were but half as lively as he is "geological;" were his style as moist as "arable land;" and were he as well acquainted with the "character and value" of spirit and animation in literature as he is with the "harbours" of Vancouver Island, he might have made a book that would have done none the less good in its generation for having a few of the flowers of fancy and rhetoric about it as a set off to the more solid trunk. The oak never looks more poetical than when covered with mistletoe. We will endeavour to give a brief summary of the principal results of the doctor's observations, for there is just the faintest evidence of personal narrative in the book. First of all important matters is climate; and here, as far as can be gathered, England and her new colony are very similarly situated. In a year's calculation (from April, 1860, to April, 1861) the following result was ascertained:—As a rule, fine weather was enjoyed, which cannot always be said of our native land. Of the 365 days—there being actually no more days on a vast continent than on a little island—no fewer than 187 were fine, the others being dull, showery, rainy, &c.; but fine weather was by no means uncommon during the winter months, and was generally accompanied by frost. Rain fell on 118 days, most heavily and frequently during the winter months—October to February. Snow fell, but in no great quantity, twelve days; and only eleven times was the thermometer below freezing-point. Heavy and prolonged fogs prevail during October and November. In the summer mists are usually rare, partial, and transitory. The highest summer temperature in the year instanced was 72 deg., the lowest 23½ deg. There are no March winds nor harvest rains, so that, upon the whole, the great British emigrant need not suffer much from change of climate. In other matters he will find some important variations. The price of labour is very high, which will raise his hopes; but the price of provisions is also very high; but that need not dash them down. Political as well as practical economists know well that high wages and high prices make a better market for the consumer, whilst masters always make a larger profit when labour is cheap owing to provisions being plentiful. In fact, the larger amount of money "turned over" the larger is the residue that sticks to the fingers. At present the island can do no more than feed itself; and, indeed, many articles of necessary food, besides, of course, all luxuries, have to be imported. The manufacture of butter and cheese is unknown, although milk is good and abundant in summer, and the climate is favourable to all dairy produce. England alone is said to be superior to Vancouver Island in mutton, beef, and pork. The animals who are good enough to supply these articles, originally imported, flourish well; but there is great need of a good supply of Thorley's or Bradley's "feed" for the winter months. Hogs thrive remarkably, their average annual increase being about 100 per cent! (It is impossible to resist a note of admiration.) Coal abounds, and English labour is wanted to work it. Timber of various kinds is most abundant, and here is also a good market for the woodman and the sawyer. Game is an especial feature, deer and grouse being common enough, whilst more domestic delicacies flourish as they do at home. The Fraser River contains salmon and sturgeon. The sea has, in the north, its whales; but on the immediate coast this monster is represented by shoals of herrings, halibut, skate, rock-cod, smelts, whiting, bass, and others. In the land, again, there is gold, and especially in British Columbia; but working it is difficult. All over the island, especially, is the labour of Mr. Mechi required. The land is good, or will be, when it has had some cruel crushing, clearing, and weeding. It may become a second Triples Farm, but for that it will certainly "take its time." The whole colony is essentially a land to cast in its lot with others. It cannot comfortably become self-dependent. As a north-western transatlantic commercial depot, there is no reason why it should not become of great importance. The two colonies, which ardently desire to be united, are fitted for development in totally different directions. British Columbia is more fitted for a producing country, whilst Vancouver Island has a splendid position for maritime commerce. The charter of the Hudson's Bay Company having expired, there is now every chance for the "new home;" and from what we gather from Dr. Rattray's work, which is commended to the notice of all intending wanderers, it has a fine chance of taking a high position in a few years. Of the sentimental nature of the settler it may be mentioned that a few cargoes of women would go right off!

Handbook to the Industrial Department of the International Exhibition, 1862. By ROBERT HUNT, F.R.S., F.E.S., Keeper of Mining Records. In two volumes. Vol. I. Edward Stanford.

The careful servant in the proverb shuts the stable-door as soon as the steed is stolen. Mr. Hunt, in a similar way, throws open the International Exhibition portal, by means of his new "Handbook," almost at the very moment when the building itself is closing. Some people are never so distinguished in life as when leaving it; others never know what robust health they have enjoyed until they are prostrate in the hospital; and, similarly, we were by no means aware of the great treasures in the exhibition until, practically, the season had expired. Mr. Robert Hunt's "Handbook" seems to explain a million-fold more than would strike the constant gaze of the most inveterate season-ticket-holder—at least during the period when that patriot was not combating village Hampden-like, the little tyrant of the umbrella-ticket. The work is arranged, written, or edited, with a design and ability which give it a permanent value, and to that extent, at least, defeats the application of the horse and stable-door proverb to which reference has been made. Indeed, all that can be said against it is, that it is "Published with the Authority of Her Majesty's Commissioners, and sold within the building by their sanction." But many a cross becomes a crown; and, in the opinion of at least half the world, the Handbook may be even all the more valuable for the commissioners' authority, because, as they are in authority, it may safely be asserted that they have had nothing whatever to do with the publication. Mr. Hunt's first volume comprises an introductory Chapter on International Exhibitions, too liberally leavened with fine writing. A "Synoptical View" gives a broad catalogue of the exhibition contents, followed by a list of the sculpture and (out of place) an index. The general contents of the first volume comprise several classes, arranged, as it may be said, out of order; and which give accounts, always elaborate and copious when necessary, of a vast variety of industrial products and manufactures. These include "Mining, Quarrying, Metallurgy, and Mineral Products;" "Chemical and Pharmaceutical Products;" "Substances used as Food;" "Animal and Vegetable Substances used in Manufactures;" "Agricultural and Horticultural Machines and Implements;" "Railway Plant, &c.;" "Manufacturing Machines and Tools;" "Machinery in General;" "Civil Engineering, Architectural, and Building Contrivances;" "Military Engineering, &c.;" "Naval Architecture;" "Carriages;" "Iron and General Hardware."

A reading of many random pages of Mr. Hunt's first volume convinces us that he has executed his task with the perfectness and care which would, of course, be demanded from so competent an authority. It is essentially a description of the principal representative objects in each department, and does not pretend, or wish, to be a catalogue of the entire exhibition. It would have been more welcome some months since, but it is still in time to be of much use, and will probably remain one of the best records, because it is the least showy and the most trustworthy, of the International Exhibition of 1862.

STOKE-UPON-TRENT ELECTION.—The nomination for the Potteries in the room of the late Mr. Ricardo took place on Monday, when the three candidates, Messrs. Beresford Hope, Grenfell, and Shee, were severally put in nomination. The show of hands was in favour of Mr. Serjeant Shee, when a poll was demanded on behalf of the other two, which took place on Tuesday, and resulted in the return of Mr. Grenfell, the numbers at the close of the poll being—Grenfell, 1089; Hope, 918; Shee, 32.

SPEECH-DAY AT CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.—Monday was "speech-day" at Christ's Hospital. The anniversary is held on St. Matthew's-day, which fell this year on Sunday, and the ceremony was celebrated on Monday. There was a large attendance of the parents and friends of the boys and of old pupils. The sermon, which usually precedes the speeches, was preached by the Rev. J. W. Gurney, formerly one of the masters of the school. The prologue was spoken by Mr. Haber, scholar of Magdalen College, Cambridge, and the English speech—always the feature of the day—by Mr. Henry Hughes, first Grecian, and student of Christchurch, Oxford.

LOSS OF A PORTUGUESE BARQUE.—On Sunday night last the Portuguese barque Cruz, from Hamburg to Oporto, with a general cargo, and having fourteen hands on board, went on shore off Dungeness. The life-boat at that place belonging to the National Life-boat Institution immediately proceeded to the rescue of the crew, and, after considerable difficulty, succeeded in saving the whole of the fourteen men. They were found in a very excited state, and ready to jump into the ship's longboat, which could not possibly have lived in so heavy a sea as was then running. The life-boat was reported to have behaved remarkably well. The cost of the boat was presented to the institution by the Rev. H. J. Hutchesson, of Canterbury.

FONTAINEBLEAU GRAPES.—The art of cultivating the vine for the sole purpose of obtaining grapes for the table is essentially a French one. In all other vine-growing countries the grapes intended for the manufacture of wine are also eaten as fruit; but the *chasselas* of Fontainebleau is exclusively cultivated for the table, and would yield a very bad wine. Its cultivation on a large scale is chiefly carried on at Thomery and Champagne, two charming villages, 7 kilometres (4½ miles) from Fontainebleau. That of Thomery is by far the best, and its superiority is attributed to three principal causes—the quality of the soil, the nature of the vine, and the peculiar method of cultivation. The soil is light, friable, sandy, and is easily impregnated with moisture, retaining at the same time the heat derived from the sun. Thomery is, moreover, protected from the dangerous effects of the winds blowing from the north and west by the steep hills which overlook its espaliers, which are arranged along walls built for the purpose, and so situated as to enjoy the full effects of the sun's rays in the morning, and only to receive them in an oblique direction during the daytime, when the excessive heat would burn the grapes. All the unnecessary branches of the vine are carefully pruned away, so as to leave only two to each stem. During the first five years the vine is unproductive, and yet manured, pruned, and otherwise tended with the greatest attention, all the minute insects which threaten the fruit being frequently and carefully brushed away, and the larger insects, which attack the root, bark, or leaves, destroyed. When the grapes are nearly ripe, they are turned several times so as to expose every part of them to the sun; and at length they are gathered, carefully packed in baskets, and sent to every part of Europe, but chiefly to Paris, where their consumption is immense.

GERMAN UNITY.—A new split has taken place between the Austrian and Prussian elements. A preliminary Parliament of all Germany was agreed to be held—to talk, of course, and talking precludes action—but the object was understood to be union, the unity of Fatherland. The prospects of unity appear in this—Weimar was selected as the place of meeting. Weimar is devoted to Prussia, therefore the Austrian representatives refuse to take share in the assembly, and speak of holding a meeting of their own in Frankfurt. If German unity be a good thing for the Germans, what a pity it is that there should exist so much and such bitter antagonism!

PRESENCE OF MIND.—A young needlewoman, named Emmeline Courtols, residing in Paris, on returning home a few days ago from delivering some work, was surprised to find a key in her door, and a strange, low-looking man in the room engaged in making up all her articles of value in a bundle. Without losing her presence of mind, the young woman asked, "Is Mlle. Emmeline Courtols at home?" "Ah! my niece, you mean," the fellow replied with the utmost coolness; "she's gone on an errand. Call again in an hour." The young woman went down stairs in all haste, but returned immediately with a policeman, and the thief was taken to the prefecture.

DOG AND LOBSTER.—A large, thoroughbred bulldog was passing by the store of Mr. M. O'Hara, in Craig-street, Montreal, when its attention was attracted by the movements of a gigantic lobster, crawling in front of the door. The dog attacked the lobster, when the latter at once showed fight, extended its tremendous claws, and seized its antagonist by the leg. The dog vainly endeavoured to pierce its adversary's coat of mail, but still continued to fight. At length the lobster, letting go its hold of the dog's leg, grasped the animal's tail with its powerful weapons of offence, and the dog at once relinquished the contest and ran off, its adversary still maintaining its hold. At the corner of St. Lawrence Main-street the lobster was detached, when the dog bolted, and in a few minutes was out of sight. A large crowd witnessed this singular combat, and were as much surprised at its termination as at its commencement. The lobster was a most formidable specimen of its class, and weighed no less than 27lb.

A NEW INFERNAL MACHINE.—A Copenhagen letter has the following:—"In the Royal dockyard at Nyholm experiments have just been made with a new kind of infernal machine, which is said to be capable of destroying the strongest iron-cased vessel. The inventor is Lieutenant-Colonel Ramsted, a Finlander, who has been in the Russian service. The apparatus is extremely simple, and costs but little. It consists of a glass reservoir, which, being filled with powder, will float at a certain depth, where, by very simple chemical means, it produces an explosion which will pierce the bottom of any vessel. In the experiment in question, when loaded with a very small charge, the effect was amazing. The framework of the gun-boat used was shattered, and some of the planks thrown to a height of 80 or 100 feet. Of course the boat sunk instantly. On a second trial the explosion threw up a column of water 100 feet high, and the shock was felt at a considerable distance."

GOtha.—THE QUEEN IN GERMANY.

GOtha, the capital of the duchy, is alternately with Coburg, the residence of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, to whom our Queen is now on a visit—her Majesty having taken up her temporary abode at Reinhardsbrunn, one of the Duke's country seats, situated a few miles from Gotha. Gotha is pleasantly situated on the Leina, here crossed by several bridges, and consists of the town proper and four suburbs, the former occupying the side of a hill in the form of an irregular polygon, surrounded by ramparts, which have been converted into promenades; and by a wall with four gates. The houses are generally well built, and the streets wide, tolerably straight, and well paved. The Ducal Castle or Palace, called Friedenstein, occupies the crown of the height on which the town is situated. It is a large and, from its elevated site, a conspicuous edifice, not possessed of much architectural merit, but surrounded by fine terraces, and containing an interesting museum, a good picture-gallery, and a large library. There are also two other palaces occupied by the Ducal family; seven churches; a gymnasium and numerous other schools: the new mint, arsenal, theatre, house of correction, lunatic asylum, infirmary, and several hospitals, we give. The manufactures consist chiefly of woollen, linen, and cotton tissues; hats, carpets, leather, porcelain, musical instruments, and articles in gold and silver; and there are several tileworks and numerous mills. Its population is about 14,000. The *Almanach de Gotha*, which gives the names, ages, and pedigrees of all the reigning Princes of Europe and their families, is printed in this city. There are many pleasant excursions in the neighbourhood of Gotha, though its beauties are perhaps somewhat exaggerated by the natives.

The Prince Royal of Prussia has left Berlin for Reinhardsbrunn, on a visit to Queen Victoria. The Prince and the Princess Royal will leave Reinhardsbrunn in a fortnight on a tour to Baden, Switzerland, and Italy. Her Majesty was expected to leave Reinhardsbrunn for Coburg yesterday. The greater portion of the Victoria Hotel at the latter place has been engaged for the accommodation of the numerous suite in attendance on her Majesty.

The Queen will return to England about the middle of next month, and take up her residence at Osborne, where she will remain until the second week of December, after which her Majesty will go to Windsor Castle, and stay there in strict privacy for about ten days, and then return to Osborne, where the Queen intends to spend her Christmas. The Prince of Wales will also spend his Christmas in England. The German papers say that her Majesty has greatly improved in her health since she took up her residence at Reinhardsbrunn.



HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO GERMANY.—VIEW OF GOTH A, THE CAPITAL OF THE DUCHY OF SAXE-COBURG GOTH A.

OVER THE MOUNTAINS IN NORTH WALES.

ABER.

ABOUT thirteen miles from Llandudno, on the Chester and Holyhead Railway, stands the little village of Aber, at the entrance of a

deep glen, thus described in the guide-book :—"It extends in a south-east direction about two miles, having on one side a lofty hill, covered with luxuriant wood, and on the other a stupendous rock, called Moes-y-Gaer. At the termination a dark mountain, Y-Poel-Fräs, presents a vast concave front, down the centre of which a

stream is precipitated in a double fall, dashing from a great height and forming the celebrated cataract which bears a name common to many cascades, Rhayadr Mawr, and sometimes also Rhayadr Gwyn. The upper part is broken by the rugged cliff into three or four divisions, the lower is a broad sheet of foaming water falling more than



THE SUMMIT OF SNOWDON.

coft." This is a description in guide-book dialect. It is rather too florid. You may leave out some of the adjectives with advantage. But the fact remains that the glen through which you advance to the fall is a lovely place, and the fall, with the precipitous cliffs on each side, is grand and impressive. With this, though, and its fall we have nothing to do here further than to notice that on the road tourists may see something which guide-books do not describe. Some of the very worst cottages, to wit, than can be found in any part of the British dominions out of Ireland. Pigs, human beings, fowls, and how many other animals we know not, find a fitting home in one unpaved floor, and the beautiful torrent which rushes gurgling and splashing and dashing over the stones by the very doors of these wretched hovels only serves to make their beastliness more conspicuous. Glad, indeed, were we to learn that Aber has quite lately become the property of Colonel Douglas-Pennant, of Penrhyn Castle, who has a good reputation for taking care of his poor tenants, and it is said specially likes to see them well and comfortably housed. But, as we have said, with this glen and its falls we have nothing particularly to do, for it was not to see them that, on a glorious day in August, we went to Aber.

OVER Y-FOEL-FRÁS.

No! We were bent on quite another excursion than a journey along the well-known paths to the Aber Fall. This is a vulgar walk, paced every day in summer by scores of cockney tourists. Our ambition led us to venture upon something uncommon, some path which cockney tourists never dreamed of. On consulting the Ordnance map we had discovered a walk distinctly laid down over the mountains from Aber to Llanrwst; and, the latter place being on our way to Snowdon, we determined to venture by this mountain path instead of going along the carriage road by Conway. Accordingly, we commenced our journey, and for a mile or two nothing could possibly be better than the road. A tolerable kind of causeway, fenced on either side with a stone wall, lured us over hill and dale, on through charming scenery, and we innocently hoped that all was right, and, like John Bunyan's pilgrim, for an hour or so we went on our way rejoicing. Presently, however, the track began to look alarmingly green, then gradually diminished into a mere sheep-walk, and finally disappeared altogether. Here was an unpleasant dilemma! What was to be done? The only information that we could obtain from a stray native here and there was that if we went on we should find a path, or something like it, that would lead us "up the country." Rather a vague and unsatisfactory direction to a traveller in a mountain district where one must not calculate upon meeting a soul for hours, and, if you should stumble upon a solitary shepherd, said shepherd will certainly not be able to speak a word of English. Going back, however, was out of the question. We had gone many miles, and we had advanced far on our journey. Time was precious to us. Retrogression is always unpleasant, confession of defeat still more so, and so, fortifying ourselves by thinking of Columbus and Livingstone and other great discoverers, on we went. Gradually the mountains, however, got more ominously near, and at last they closed round us altogether, and we found ourselves on the shores of a lake. Under other circumstances we should have liked to have rested here and indulged in meditation, for in truth it was an attractive spot—a quiet lake, overshadowed by mountains, silent as death, a most strange and weird scene indeed. How well we could understand that position of Buckles which critics have carped at—to wit, that the inhabitants of mountain districts are always given to superstition. But time was hastening on; we had lost our way, and had no disposition to meditate or dream. Now, however, our blood was up, all thoughts of returning were thrown to the winds; and so, after scientifically determining the points of the compass and the direction in which Llanrwst must lie, we boldly struck up the ascent. Mr. Whymple and the Alpine Club would, of course, scoff at such climbing; but to those who, like ourselves, get out but once a year, and seldom have to mount a steeper ascent than Piccadilly, this pathless mountain side was sufficiently trying. For two mortal hours we floundered on through bog and mire, sometimes up to our knees in heather, now sinking into a morass,



STATUE OF HALLAM THE HISTORIAN, RECENTLY ERECTED IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.—(W. THEED, SCULPTOR.)

and anon breaking our shins against a concealed rock. At last, however, the top was reached, and the view, of course, was magnificent. Right away the scene stretched, from Carnedd Llewellyn to Great Ormes Head, and over the sea to Anglesea on the one side, and the varied and fertile hills of Denbighshire on the other. What was, however, of more immediate consequence to us was our own position. The summit attained seemed to be an illimitable waste of bog and bog-water, with small islets of sound ground here and there at intervals of a yard or so; and, do what we would, escape from this morass seemed to be an impossibility. However, to cut our story short, after hopping about for twenty minutes or more, now getting on to solid ground and anon plunging into the bog, we saw on looking up in the distance a human being. Yes, there he stood, between us and the sky, a man, and no mistake. The famous philosopher who discovered the geometrical diagrams in the sand of the desert island was not more delighted than we were at the appearance of this solitary mortal. It gave energy to our endeavours, and in a few minutes of desperate struggling we confronted our friend. But the man was a Welshman, of course; and equally of course he could not speak more than a word or two of English. It was not, however, until the following colloquy had passed that we found the uselessness of mere words:—

Viator. If you please, can you tell the road to Llanrwst?

Rustic (staring). Rood, ha!

Viator (pronouncing every word distinctly). If you please, &c.

Rustic. Rood, ha!

As speech failed we were obliged to try signs, as other travellers have done in like case. So, pulling out a shilling, which our friend seemed to understand well, for it evidently stimulated his mental powers greatly, we pronounced Llanrwst half a dozen times, giving it the true Welsh guttural sound as far as we were able, and made gestures that we wished to get there. And after a time we succeeded in conveying our meaning, extracting his in return—and, in fine, found the path—and, after seven or eight hours of the hardest cross-country work that we ever had—arrived at a high road, then at a good inn, where we refreshed, and finally at our journey's end. The poor man who so opportunely made his appearance was a sort of gamekeeper for preserving grouse somewhere thereabouts, and probably never sees a human being in these high latitudes more than once or twice a year. And now, reader, if you should ever wish to go from place to place in North Wales, humbly choose the turnpike-road. "Cutting across" may be very well at Hampstead, but it won't do on Y-Foel-Frás. In Wales the furthest way round is often the nearest way home. The Ordnance map is, however, right. There is a way, or there was a way (for these mountain paths have a notable habit of disappearing) from Aber to Llanrwst, if you can but find it.

SNOWDON.

From Llanrwst to Bettws-y-Coed and thence to Capel Curig there is a good coach-road, and a good coach travels along it every day. The popular route up the mountain is on the Llanberis side; but if the tourist is strong, and does not mind a little extra fatigue, he will make the ascent from Pen-y-Gwryd, a little place about three miles on the road from Capel Curig to Bangor. At Pen-y-Gwryd he will find a good inn, good ponies, a good guide, and along the margin of some of the most beautiful lakes in Wales the finest path to Snowdon's top. Much nonsense has, of course, been written in guide-books about Snowdon, but the grand old mountain cannot be spoiled by guide-book writers. Many places are so overpraised that when you come to see them you are disappointed and disgusted, but it is not so with Snowdon. No penny-a-liner can overpraise it. Let travellers heap up adjective upon adjective, superlative upon superlative, still it overtops them all, and remains simply indescribable. But you must have a fine day though, for Snowdon on a wet or foggy day is a nonentity. There is no Snowdon on such days. The day that we mounted, Snowdon was glorious. His Majesty doffed his accustomed robe of cloud, and donned his vesture of brightest colours. But we are not going to attempt to describe Snowdon, nor any of the views from Snowdon. All who have attempted descriptions have failed, and we will not add one more to the failures. We can, however, tell our readers what we saw immediately before us as we mounted to the crest. We saw a cairn or heap of stones of pyramidal shape; we saw a very fat



ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL.—PREPARATIONS FOR ITS DEMOLITION.

clergyman dismount from a very small Welsh pony and seat himself down and for a time pant for breath. Wales, as we have already said, is a marvellous place for clergymen. Specimens of every breed known may be discovered here by the enterprising naturalist. We saw a party of young ladies in the most approved dress—skirts looped up—boots studded with nails. These ladies had walked some six or seven miles before they reached the foot of the mountain; had tramped all the way up, and meant to walk all the way back to the place whence they came. We saw also a young gentleman and lady, evidently just married, who had come up by themselves; his arm was round her waist, and he was pointing out to her the beauties before her; and, possibly, she admired them; but it was clear that the admiration was but languid; her heart and soul were otherwise employed; she had got something better than Snowdon and all its glories. And let us not laugh. It appeared absurd, but in reality it was not so. In the union just formed, and the encircling arm, there was something symbolised worth infinitely more than all you can see here with the wealth of every acre besides. This was what we saw on the top of Snowdon. Do you, readers, want to know what is to be seen from the top?—then you must go and see.

STATUE OF HALLAM IN ST. PAUL'S.

An addition of a most interesting character has recently been made in the fine array of monuments in St. Paul's Cathedral—a statue of the historian Hallam having just been placed in that walkway of illustrious Englishmen. The statue is of pure white marble, is 7ft. 6in. in height, and has been erected by public subscription in commemoration of the esteem in which this distinguished writer is held by his numerous admirers. The historian is represented holding in his right hand a pencil, and in his left a manuscript or note-book, under which are placed a volume of each of his two principal works, "The Constitutional History," and "The Middle Ages." He wears the robe of a doctor of civil law.

Great pains have been taken by the sculptor to make the drapery at once graceful and natural, and as much as possible to represent the texture of the dress. In these aims he has been very successful, and we accordingly are pleased, but nowise surprised, to learn that Mr. Theed's work has received the unqualified approval of the committee to whose care the erection of the statue has been entrusted, most of whom were personal friends of Hallam, all, as well as his family, considering the likeness admirable. Our engraving of the statue will enable our readers to judge for themselves of this fine work of art, which is at once a graceful, an appropriate, and a valuable addition to the collection in St. Paul's.

THE REMOVAL OF ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL.

THE removal of a great metropolitan hospital is an event altogether novel in the history of these noble institutions. Even so unusual a circumstance, however, has been brought about by the exigencies of railway extension. The Charing-cross line, which has so metamorphosed the appearance of the neighbourhood through which it passes, took possession of the old building of St. Thomas's at the latter end of July last; so the trustees of that fine charity were forced to seek a location in which to recommence its sphere of philanthropic usefulness. The Hospital of St. Thomas, in common with Christ's Hospital, Bridewell, Bethlehem, and (to a great extent) St. Bartholomew's, owed its existence to the pious zeal of Edward VI. Its influential board of governors comprised the Lord Mayor, the Court of Aldermen, twelve Common Councilmen, and a vast number of benevolent individuals qualified by liberal donations to its funds.

The situation of St. Thomas's, in the midst of a densely-populated and poor neighbourhood, the labouring inhabitants of which were peculiarly liable to accident as well as disease, made the demands upon the capabilities of the establishment incessant and ever-increasing, so that at the period of its closing the wards contained upwards of 500 beds. The sudden stoppage of so extensive a source of relief was productive of the most serious consequences to the neighbourhood. The pressure on the contiguous establishment of Guy's was far beyond its power to support, while a vast amount of suffering was caused by the applicants for relief being obliged to seek at a distance the aid which had hitherto been promptly afforded on the spot. It will be no small satisfaction to hundreds of the poorer inhabitants of the Surrey side of the Thames to learn that St. Thomas's Hospital has again begun to dispense its beneficent charity though on a scale diminished by one half. Finding no situation so suitable for their purpose within easy distance of the old scene of labour, the trustees took possession of the ill-fated Surrey Music Hall, the bare walls of which alone remained in serviceable condition after the recent fire. Commencing in the middle of June last, they have shown praiseworthy diligence in adapting the ruined hall to the purposes of an hospital. They have occupied also the Manor House Tavern and grounds, and have thus no less than sixteen acres of land surrounding the building. The property has been taken for a term of two years, with power to extend the tenancy for six months longer, if desired. Before this period has elapsed, the authorities will have maturely considered the question of a permanent site. The ample space offered by the pleasure-gardens in the midst of which the new building is situate will, it is thought, prove so valuable an adjunct in the treatment of the severer surgical cases as, probably, to lead to the construction of a new hospital on the spot of which possession has now been taken. Where the area of the wards is restricted, the best skill of the surgeon is too often counteracted by a low form of fever, terminating not unfrequently in that terrible scourge, gangrene. Should the advantages which are anticipated in this respect be realised, there is very little doubt that the accommodation will speedily be increased to what it was in the old building at London-bridge.

In the garden front of the temporary hospital are placed the two statues which formerly stood in the open court of St. Thomas's—Edward VI., the founder, and Sir Robert Clayton, one of the early presidents and most munificent benefactors of the charity. Although only opened a few days ago for the reception of patients, the unfortunate victims of accident and disease have already sought its aid; and there is no doubt that, before many days, its powers of accommodation will be taxed to the full extent.

St. Thomas's Hospital, which will soon have ceased to be, and of which, ere it disappears, we give an engraving, showing at the same time the progress of the railway works, was founded in 1213, by Richard Prior, of Bermondsey, as an almshouse. Camden and Maitland both attribute its foundation to a fire in 1207, which destroyed the Priory of St. Mary Overies and induced the Canons to erect a temporary structure at a short distance from the site of their dwelling while it was rebuilding. It was refounded in 1215 by the Bishop of Winchester, Peter de Rupibus; and in 1428 the Abbot of St. Mary Overies granted the foundation lands to Nicholas Buckland, Master of the Hospital. After the Dissolution, the Lord Mayor and citizens purchased the manor of Southwark from Edward VI., and repaired and enlarged it. In 1552 it was opened for poor and impotent people. The fabric having fallen to decay, the governors appealed to the public for aid to rebuild, and in 1701-6 it was entirely reconstructed; Guy, the founder of the hospital of that name, defraying the cost of the three wards on the north side, and Frederick that of three wards. Two new wings were added when the approaches to London-bridge were constructed; they are of the slenderest architectural pretensions, with ante and an entablature above the basement: should they disappear before the invasion of railways, the architectural appearance of London will lose little; it may gain by a change. It contains a bronze statue of Edward VI. and a statue of Sir Robert Clayton, the fanatic Lord Mayor of Dryden's "Religio Laica." The government is the same as of the four other Royal hospitals under the direction of the Civic Corporation. The qualification for governor is a donation of £50. The income is about £25,000, derived from landed property.

DEPORTION. It is very common amongst the English troops at Trinidad. It appears that the soldiers desert to the Spanish Main, where they get good pay to act as drill-sergeants.

OPERA AND CONCERTS.

THERE has been no change in the performances at the Royal English Opera except that on Monday night "La Sonnambula" was brought out, with Miss Sarah Dobson in the part of Amina. The new soprano sung with considerable success, and to have been much applauded at the close of the opera and of all the principal morceaux which she executes alone or in which she takes part. We can honestly testify to the increased success with which Mdlle. Parepa sings the beautiful music of "Dinorah." Her style is what it always has been since her first appearance, but her naturally fine voice has certainly gained in richness of tone, and altogether she has progressed greatly and most deservedly in public favour of late. When Mdlle. Parepa made her debut, a few years ago, at the Royal Italian Opera, her singing, excellent as it was, did not produce much impression on the audience. How it happens that a really good singer often fails in that important respect we will not now consider. It is a fact that something besides perfect vocalisation is necessary to put the vocalist on good terms with the public in the concert-room as well as on the stage. To write well, to talk well, are very different things from writing and talking with success. So it is with singing; but, whatever the unteachable part of vocal success may be, Mdlle. Parepa appears now to have found it.

Miss Louisa Pyne seems to be reserving herself for the new operas, several of which are said to be in preparation. The only part in which she now appears is that of La Catarina in "Les Diamans de la Couronne"—certainly one of her best. Whenever this work is performed (which, lately, has been about once a week) the theatre is crowded, all the most remarkable pieces are encored, and the charming vocalist who represents the heroine is saluted with innumerable bouquets, which are thrown, not suspiciously from the side boxes close to the stage, but from stalls, dress circle, and all parts of the theatre.

Mr. Harrison retains his original characters in "Dinorah," "Maritana," and "The Crown Diamonds," and performs each and all with his habitual talent and success.

Of course, now that the Gloucester Festival is at an end, Mr. Santley has returned to the Royal English Opera, to the manifest benefit of that establishment. In such a part as Huel, in "Dinorah," it is impossible to replace Mr. Santley; and the performance of that opera must always suffer materially from his absence.

A short extra season at Her Majesty's Theatre is to commence next Monday. The company includes Mdlle. Titiens and several of the principal singers of the summer troupe. This autumn season will, according to present arrangements, last about a week. Four performances are announced—the first being the "Trovatore;" but we have no doubt that, in case of the experiment succeeding, the number will be increased.

There appears to be some prospect that the "Royal English Company" (which must not be confounded with the company of the Royal English Opera) may establish itself this autumn, for a time, at Her Majesty's Theatre. We say "for a time," because we believe there is no intention of making Her Majesty's Theatre the permanent home of the new English Opera; and that, however much it may flourish in the Haymarket, it will be transplanted next spring to Drury Lane. There is a chance, of course, that it may not flourish at all. The new enterprise will have many things to contend against. It will, first of all, have to form a better orchestra and chorus, to collect a better company, and to get better scenery painted, than we already find at the Royal English Opera. Otherwise people will not understand the meaning of establishing a second English Opera in opposition to one which has existed seven years, and which enjoys a greater amount of public favour than has ever been obtained by any similar establishment. There are several English singers whom the new association might find it advantageous to engage (for instance, Mdlle. Lemmens-Sherrington and Mr. Sims Reeves); but we fancy it will be difficult to form a second English company of any completeness. It is rumoured, we are aware, that the services of Mdlle. Titiens have been secured, but we doubt this. Besides, if the prima donna of the new English operatic company is to be a German, what becomes of the promoters' claim to be supported on the ground that their enterprise is pre-eminently of a national character? If the directors of the Royal English Opera Company are determined to succeed, they must pursue the same plan that the directors of the Royal Italian Opera did in founding their establishment in opposition to Her Majesty's Theatre. They must beat their rival at all points. This they will find no easy matter.

At Exeter Hall Mr. Martin is giving a series of "Wednesday oratorios," at cheap prices, with great success. A "Wednesday oratorio," we may explain, is any oratorio that is popular, and that Mr. Martin finds it convenient and profitable to produce before the large audiences which he collects every Wednesday at Exeter Hall. Thus "The Messiah" is certainly a Wednesday oratorio, while Mr. Costa's "Eli" is, above all, a Friday oratorio—Friday being the day on which the performances of the Sacred Harmonic Society take place under Mr. Costa's direction.

Mr. Kennedy's entertainment founded on the songs of Scotland has long been popular in the north, and we have no doubt but it will be fully appreciated by Englishmen now that it is being introduced to their notice at the Hanover-square Rooms. According to the *Edinburgh Courier*, Mr. Kennedy is the best living interpreter of Scottish song. He displays a happy talent in individualising the different characters, and sustains the dialogue in various instances with all the effect of a dramatic reading. In the songs he exhibits "not only a tender, pathetic, and melodious voice, which he has greatly improved by careful culture, but a fine taste and thoroughly Scottish feeling."

THE MYSTERIOUS MURDER AT GLASGOW.

A SCOTTISH Court of Justice has just been occupied with the trial of a remarkable case of murder; and the story, which has created an extraordinary sensation in the north, will possess some interest in the eyes of the public at large. On Monday, the 7th of July last, a woman named Jessie Macpherson was found dead on the floor of her bedroom in a house at Glasgow. Her body was so shockingly mangled as to make it clear that murder had been done, and it was presently ascertained that she had not been seen alive since the evening of the Friday previous. Her capacity was that of a servant, and it was in the house of her master that she had thus met with her death. She appears to have been actually in the service of a son of an old gentleman named Fleming, but he was absent at the time, and his father alone was in the house. When, therefore, the corpse was discovered and the deed of blood brought to light, it was natural, and indeed inevitable, that old Mr. Fleming should be called to account for himself, and he was accordingly arrested, and examined after the Scotch method of procedure. It appeared that he was almost ninety years old—he gave his own age as eighty-seven—and there was consequently a strong improbability in the presumption that the crime could have been the work of his hands. But it did happen, strange to say, that his uncommon vigour of mind and body removed much of this incredibility. The Judge himself, in summing up, freely admitted that there was not really any incapacity on his part, and although, therefore, the case still remained extraordinary and became daily more so as the prisoner's position was better understood, he was, for a short time, the person most commonly connected with the offence in local reports. He was old, but he was not feeble; there was no reason for his committing such a crime, but he was in the house with the deceased, and so the Glasgow people scarcely knew what to think of the matter.

But the reputation of the old gentleman thus unfortunately situated was gradually and distinctly cleared. It was found that certain articles were missing from the house—some clothing belonging to the murdered woman and some plate belonging to the old man's son. This plate, it seemed, had been pawned in the city; it was identified, and the pawnbroker testified that it was a woman who had pawned it. Here was a new light thrown on the case. Who was this woman? For some time that question could not be solved, but it was presently reported that the police were on her track and that she had been taken. She proved to be a certain Jessie McLauchlan, and circumstances were soon discovered which connect her very closely with the crime. In fact, it became evident that she was either the actual murderer or was privy to the deed, nor was it long doubted which of these two assumptions was the more probable. She had formerly lived in Mr. Fleming's service herself, she was still well acquainted with him, and had been on intimate terms with the deceased woman. She knew all the ways of the house, and was in the habit of going there. She did go there on the night of Friday, the 4th of July, and she did not return to her own home till the morning of Saturday, the 5th. When she returned she was not clad in the dress which she had worn on going out, but in a dress which had belonged to Jessie Macpherson. This dress she changed when she got home, and

took it to a dyer's to be dyed. Her own dress, torn to shreds, had stained with blood, was found scattered in various fragments along some fields at Hamilton, ten or twelve miles from Glasgow, and in those very fields she had been seen. When she left her home on Friday she took with her a bottle, and a similar bottle was in the house of murder. Up to that Friday she had been in desperate want of money, but on Saturday she was in possession of cash for her needs.

All this evidence was very strong; but Jessie McLauchlan endeavoured to elude its force by accusing old Mr. Fleming of the crime. She made a declaration before the trial, and she made a statement at the trial itself. She admitted that she had been present in the house on the night of Friday, and that she had a knowledge, though an involuntary knowledge, of the murder. The actual deed she traced to the hand of the old man, and ascribed it to motives of anger and fear together. He had, she said, made unseasonable propositions to the deceased woman, was afraid of her telling against him, and had quarrelled with her. The end of it, according to her story, was that he fell upon her with the meat-chopper and killed her, after which he sent the witness out with the son's plate that she might raise money to run it. The dresses of the deceased, she said, had been sent to her by the unfortunate woman herself the evening before her death. This story, however, did not obtain much credit. It was not consistently told; it did not agree with probabilities; and few people, therefore, were surprised when the announcement was made that old Mr. Fleming was liberated and Jessie McLauchlan committed to gaol.

Last week she was brought to trial, and it appears that she was supplied with the means of making a most able defence. The questions raised were the same as before. What gave such a singularity to the case was that the accused was also the accuser. Her defence was the impeachment of another person. From a certain complicity with the crime she could not pretend to clear herself, but she persisted to the last in maintaining, not only that she was innocent, but that old Mr. Fleming was guilty. Her statement was not without its points of speciousness. The old man had undoubtedly been in the house at the time of the murder, and it seems strange enough, certainly, that he could quietly have put up, as he did, with the disappearance of his servant after the Friday night. His evidence, too, was sometimes confused; and it was established that Jessie Macpherson did not exactly like her place, and was not on the best of terms with her master. But the jury thought that there was nothing in all this irreconcilable with the innocence of an eccentric nonagenarian; whereas there was very much which it was impossible to reconcile with the innocence of his accuser. The trial was concluded on Saturday last, and but twenty minutes were taken for the consideration of the verdict. Jessie McLauchlan was found guilty of the murder; and the Judge, in passing sentence, took occasion to say that Mr. Fleming's character was free from suspicion or stain.

THE PRISONER'S ACCOUNT OF THE MURDER.

"On Friday night, the 4th of July last, I went up to Fleming's house to see Jessie McPherson. We generally arranged on Friday night for my coming, as she then had most time, none of the family but the old man being at home; and I usually went late to let the old man away to bed, because he prevented us from talking freely." Prisoner then described that upon her visit she, the deceased, and old Fleming shared some whisky which prisoner brought, was sent out by Fleming for more, and she described minutely where she attempted to purchase the liquor, and named persons whom she met on her road. On her return without the drink, it being too late to procure it, she was let in by the old man. She adds—"I found Jessie lying on the floor, with her elbow below her, and her head down. The old man came in close after me. I went forward, saying, 'God bless us, what is the matter?' She was insensible. She had a large wound across her brow. Her nose was cut, and she was bleeding a great deal. There was a large quantity of blood on the floor. She was lying between her chest and the fireplace. I threw off my bonnet and cloak, and stooped down to raise her head, and asked the old man what he had done this to the girl for. He said he had not intended to hurt her. It was an accident. I took hold of her and supported her head and shoulders, and I bade him fetch some lukewarm water. He went out into the kitchen. I spoke to her, and said, 'Jessie, Jessie, how did this happen?' and she said something I could not make out. I thought he had been attempting something wrong with her, and that she had been cut by falling. He did not appear to be in a passion, and I was not afraid of him. He came in again, bringing lukewarm water in a corner dish. I asked him for a handkerchief and some cold water, as the other was too hot. He brought them in from the kitchen, and I put back her hair and bathed away the blood from her face and said she was sore cut. I said to the old man, 'However did he do such a thing as that to the girl?' and he seemed to be vexed and put about at what had happened. I asked him to go for a doctor; but he said she would be better soon, and he would go after he had got her sorted. The old man then went to the house again, and I supported her, kneeling on one knee beside her. In a little she opened her eyes and came to herself, but she was confused. She understood when I spoke to her, and gave me a word of answer now and then; but I could get no explanation of things from her, so I just continued bathing her head. I bathed it for a long time till she got out of that dazed state. I asked her whether I would not go for the doctor, and she said, 'No; stay here beside me.' I said I would. I did not trouble her much with speaking to her at that time. While I was sorting at her head the old man came into the room with a large tin basin with water and soap in it and commenced washing up where the blood was all round about us, drying it up with a cloth, and wringing it into a basin. I had raised Jessie to sit up, and was sitting on the floor beside her. As he was near us he went down on his elbow, and spilled the basin with a splash when he was lifting it. He spilled the water all over my feet and the lower part of my dress, and my boots were wet through." She next stated that the old man declared that he was afraid the girl would expose him for having behaved rudely to her. After some hours spent in attendance on the deceased, prisoner insisted on going for a doctor, but, says she, "I was leaving the parlour to go into the dining-room to look out in front, when I heard a noise in the kitchen, and I turned down stairs as fast as I could, and as I came in sight of the kitchen door, I saw the old man striking her with something which I saw afterwards was the meat-chopper. She was lying on the floor, with her head off the pillow, a good piece along the floor, and he was striking her on the side of the head. When I saw him I skirled out, and ran forward to the door crying to him, and then I got afraid when he looked up, and I went back up the lobby and part of the stairs, where I could not get further, as I got very ill with fright and palpitation of the heart, to which I am subject. My fright was caused by hearing him coming out of the kitchen, and I thought he meant to murder me, and I stopped and leaned or held to the wall on the stair without the power of moving, and began to cry, 'Help! help!' He came to the stairfoot and said to me to come down; he was not going to meddle me. I saw he had not the cleaver in his hands as he came down, and I cried, 'Oh! let me away.' He said he would do me no harm, and said the girl is killed, and what was I going to do. I entreated him to let me away. He came up and took me by the cloak, and said that 'he kent frae the first she coo'dna live; and if any doctor had come in he (Fleming) would have to answer for her death, for she would have told.' The remainder of the confession, which is at great length, states that, after making her swear to keep silence on the matter, Fleming directed her to open the door to the milkbox, but she refused, and he went himself; and that subsequently, by his order, she pawned the plate as proved in evidence.

A BULL IN THE MAIN SEWER.—On Monday evening, between eight and nine o'clock, the neighbourhood of Leather-lane and Back-hill, London, was thrown into a state of alarm by the sudden appearance of a bull at large, and whose exertations were of a most astounding nature. After leaving the drove, which was on its way to Smithfield, the infuriated animal rushed up the steep declivity of Back-hill, and, after reaching the top, he plunged head foremost into one of the huge main-drainage shafts, falling a depth of 42ft. down into the excavation below. Here he lay bellowing and snorting for fully three-quarters of an hour, without, apparently, having broken any bones. As it was ascertained by the workmen, by the aid of lights, that having recovered from his exhaustion, he was again erect upon his legs, the question then presented itself how to extricate him? and it was at first determined that he should be killed upon the spot, and then slung up by means of the ropes and buckets used by the men at work to bring up the excavated material. But subsequently, after consulting the owner of the animal, it was determined to try the experiment of extricating him alive, and a strong force of Reid's stalwart brewers in the neighbourhood volunteered their services for the purpose. Bringing their tackle from the Brewery, they and the sewerage men descended with it into the shaft, and, having secured it round the neck, legs, and hind quarters of the bull, succeeded in about half an hour, and by means of the windlass and a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, in bringing their bovine burden, of some 100 stone weight, safely to the surface, when the animal was found only to have sustained a fracture of one of the fore legs, and was able to walk a distance of 100 yards down a hill to a neighbouring yard in Saffron-hill, where he was safely housed for the night.

DEATH OF MRS. LIVINGSTONE.—The Bombay mail brings news which will sadly interest the friends of Dr. Livingstone, the African traveller. His wife has died of fever. She had joined him on the Zambesi just as he reached the coast from his adventurous journey up the Shire to Lake Nyassa. Her arrival was a very welcome one to him, a comfort and an assistance. For three months he had her society. She was attacked by fever—none ever escape in that region—but, as she observes in an unfinished letter, had "got nicely over it," giving hope that her constitution and the usual remedies would bear her up until her husband could put his new iron steamer together and leave the inhospitable coast for the higher and more healthy regions of the Shire and lake. But she was soon seized again; quinine failed in her case; for some days she lingered, then became unconscious, and died peacefully on Sunday, the 27th of April. Her husband had attended her night and day, and was with her when she died. "A grave was dug the next day," writes his brother, "under the large baobab mentioned by the officers of Captain Owen's expedition, and about 150 yards from Shupangwa House, and there we buried her. It was a sad day for us all, and of course more particularly for the bereaved doctor. He feels his loss most keenly."

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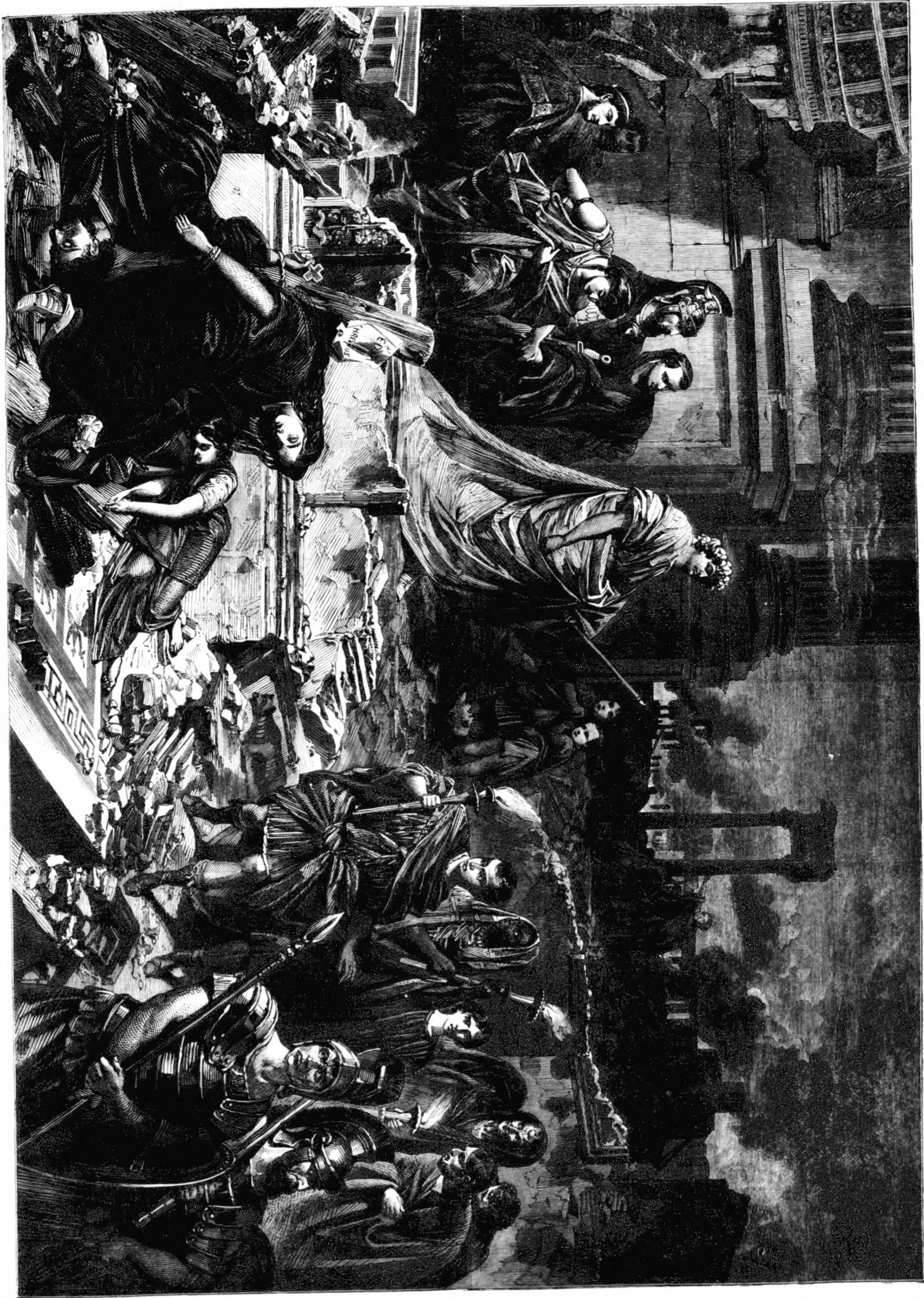
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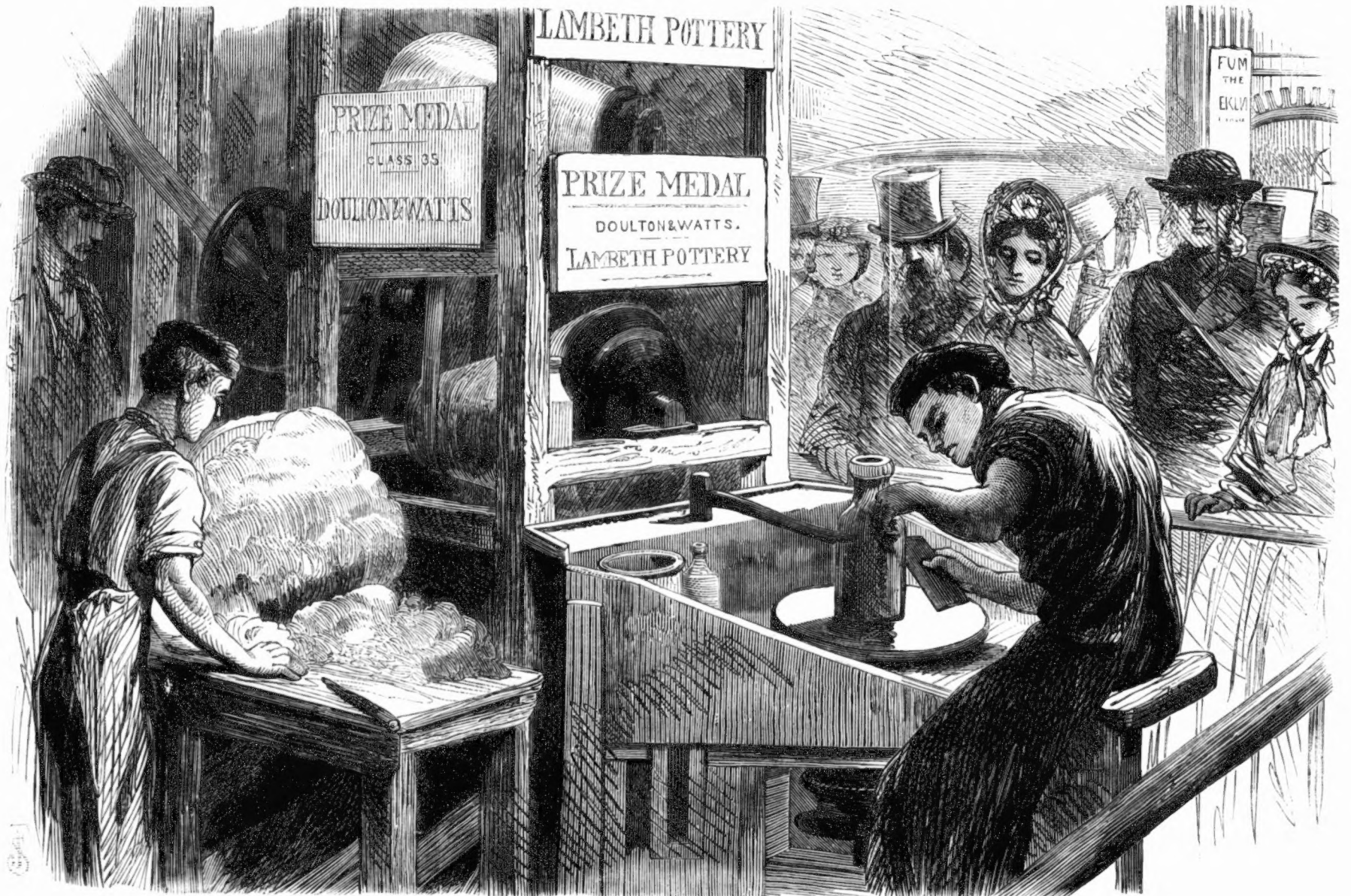
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